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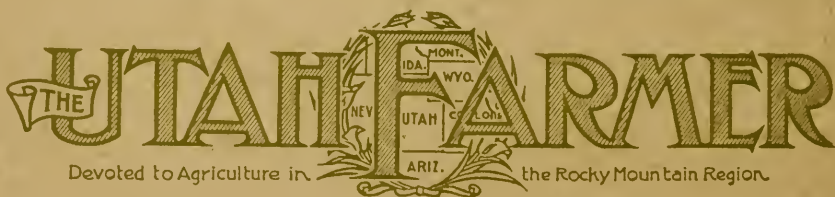
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A. L.



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See article, "Spring on the Coast," by Alfred Lambourne

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Present Need of Temples

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE
APOSTLES

[The article presented herewith appears as Chapter III of the recently published work, "The House of the Lord; A Study of Holy Sanctuaries, Ancient and Modern; Including forty-six plates illustrative of Modern Temples—by James E. Talmage, One of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." This book, which is briefly reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is copyrighted by Joseph F. Smith, Trustee-in-Trust; and it is by special permission that the ERA reproduces the article here. The treatment is concise and forceful, and furnishes a sufficient answer to the question so often raised, Why do the Latter-day Saints build and maintain Temples?—THE EDITORS.]

Among the numerous sects and churches professing Christianity, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stands alone in the teaching and practice of temple ministration. The devotion of this people to the sacred labor of building temples and administering therein the saving ordinances of the Gospel has attracted the attention and aroused the wonder of both philosopher and layman. It is not enough to attempt an explanation of this singular and stupendous sacrifice by ascribing it to assumed and unproved fanaticism; the earnest investigator, the careful observer, and even the cursory reader, indeed, if he be honest, admits that beneath this devotion is a deeply-seated and an abiding faith. It cannot be affirmed that the Latter-day Saints build temples as monuments of communal wealth nor in the pride of human aggrandizement; for we find them thus arduously engaged even

while bread was scarce and clothing scant among them; and throughout their history the people have looked upon their temples as edifices belonging to the Lord, and upon themselves as stewards entrusted with the custody of the consecrated properties. Nor can it be said that this Church builds temples as other sects erect chapels, churches, cathedrals, and synagogues; for the Church has the equivalent of these, and indeed the meeting-houses and places of public worship maintained by the Latter-day Saints are proportionately greater in number than are those of other denominations. Moreover, as already stated, these temples are not used as places of common assembly, nor as houses of general and congregational service.

Why, then, does the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints build and maintain temples? In answer let the following pertinent facts be carefully considered.

Necessity of Obedience to the Laws and Ordinances of the Gospel

As part of its declaration of faith, the Church proclaims:

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel."^a

While professing belief in the possibility of a universal salvation, the Church affirms that salvation is assured only on condition of individual compliance with the requirements established by the Redeemer, without whose atoning sacrifice none could be saved. The atonement wrought by the Christ on Calvary was a vicarious offering, in the beneficent results of which all mankind are made partakers. As to redemption from the thrall of mortality incident to the transgression in Eden, the sacrificial death of Christ met in full the exactions incident to the broken law; and none but Adam shall be held accountable for Adam's disobedience, nor for any results thereof. In the just judgment to which every mortal shall come, all conditions of inherited weakness, temptation due to environment, the capacity to choose and to act, the measure of knowledge to which the subject has attained, the meed of truth he has accepted or rejected, the opportunities he has used aright or wrongly spurned, the fidelity with which he walked in the light

^a See the author's "The Articles of Faith," Lecture IV; and references therein given.

or the depravity through which he wandered in the forbidden paths of darkness,—these and every other fact and circumstance entering into the individual life will be duly weighed and considered. At the bar of God the distinguishing feature of Divine mercy will be, as in the affairs of mortal life it now is, not an arbitrary forgiveness of sin or unearned annulment of the debts of guilt, but the providing of a way whereby the sinner may be enabled to meet the requirements of the Gospel, and so in due course pass from the prison house of sin to the glorious freedom of a righteous life.

There is but one price set on forgiveness for individual transgression, and this is alike to all,—to poor and rich, to bond and free, to illiterate and learned; it knows no fluctuations, it changes not with time; it was the same yesterday as today it is, and even so shall be forever,—and that price, at which may be bought the pearl beyond all price, is *obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel*.

Hear this further declaration of faith taught by the restored Church:

"We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are:—(1) Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; (2) Repentance; (3) Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; (4) Laying-on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost."^b

Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is the fundamental principle of the Gospel, the first letter in the alphabet of salvation with which are spelled the words of life eternal. Yet who can have faith in aught of which he knows nothing? Knowledge is essential to faith, and faith impels its possessor to seek further knowledge, and to make of that knowledge, wisdom, which is but knowledge applied and put to use. To preach Christ and him crucified^c is the one and only way by which faith in him may be taught through the medium of either precept or example. While knowledge and faith are thus closely associated, the two are not identical, nōr is the one an assured outgrowth of the other. A man may have learned the truth, and yet may ignore it. His knowledge, far from developing within his soul the faith that

^b See the author's "The Articles of Faith," Lectures V—VIII with references therein given.

^c I Cor. 1:23; 2:2.

leads to right action, may but add to his condemnation, for he sins without even the mitigation of ignorance. Evil spirits have testified of their knowledge that Jesus is the Christ, nevertheless they remain the fallen followers of Satan.^d As living faith develops within the soul of man it leads its possessor to seek a means whereby he may rise from the thralldom of sin; and the very thought of such emancipation inspires a loathing for the evil contamination of the past. The natural fruitage of that glorious growth is repentance.

Repentance, as a requirement made of all men, constitutes the second principle of the Gospel of Christ. It comprises a sincere sorrow for the sins of the past, and a resolute turning away therefrom with the solemn determination to endeavor by Divine assistance to return thereto no more. Repentance comes as a gift from God to him who has treasured and nurtured the earlier gift of faith. It is not to be had for the careless asking; it may not be found upon the highway; it is not of earth, but a treasure of heaven, and is given with care, yet with boundless liberality unto those who have brought forth works that warrant its bestowal. That is to say, all who prepare themselves for repentance will, by the humbling and softening influence of the Holy Spirit, be brought to the actual possession of this great gift. When Peter was charged by his fellow-worshipers with a breach of law in that he had associated with Gentiles, he told his hearers of the Divine manifestations he had so recently received; they believed and declared "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Paul also, in writing to the Romans, teaches that repentance comes through the goodness of God.^e

Wilful persistency in sin may lead to the loss and forfeiture of the ability to repent; and for man to procrastinate the day of repentance is to invite and eventually to insure such forfeiture. The Divine word through the mouth of a modern prophet is thus explicit:

"For I the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance;

"Nevertheless, he that repents and does the commandments of the Lord shall be forgiven;

^d See Mark 1:24; 3:11; 5:1-18; and Matt. 8:28-34.

^e Acts 11:18; Rom. 2:4; see also the author's "The Articles of Faith," Lecture V:19-30 and references therein given.

"And he that repents not, from him shall be taken even the light which he has received, for my Spirit shall not always strive with man, saith the Lord of Hosts."^f

The Latter-day Saints believe and teach that repentance will be possible, and indeed required of the yet unrepentant, even after death; and they affirm that this doctrine is supported by scripture both ancient and modern. We read that while the body of our Lord lay in the tomb, between the evening of the day of crucifixion and the glorious resurrection morn, he was engaged in ministerial labor in the world of disembodied spirits. Peter specifically declares that our Lord "went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah."^g The context with which appear these words of the inspired apostle, shows that the event referred to occurred prior to the Savior's resurrection. Furthermore, it will be remembered that one of the condemned malefactors, whose cross of death stood alongside that of Jesus, manifested faith and even some degree of repentance, and received from the suffering Christ the benediction and assurance "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."^h It cannot be maintained that this promise implied the passing of the repentant sinner directly from the cross into Heaven—the abode of the redeemed in the presence of God; for surely there had been no opportunity for the suffering penitent to put his repentance into effect by complying with the established laws and ordinances of the Gospel, and without such compliance, even as to the single requirement of water-baptism alone, the man could neither enter nor see the Kingdom of God, or the word of Christ would have been proven false.ⁱ Moreover, as conclusive proof of the fact that between the time of Christ's death and resurrection, neither he nor the contrite sinner had gone to the abode of God, we have the words of the Risen Lord to the sorrowing Magdalene: "I am not yet ascended to my Father."^j

In view of scriptural affirmation that the disembodied Christ did visit and minister among the spirits who had been disobedient,

^f Doctrine and Covenants 1:31-33.

^g I Peter 3:19-20; compare 4:6.

^h See Luke 23:39-43.

ⁱ Consider our Lord's declaration to Nicodemus, John 3:1-5.

^j John 20:17.

and who, because of unpardoned sin were still held in duress, it is pertinent to inquire as to the scope and object of our Savior's ministry among them. His preaching must have been purposeful and positive; moreover, it is not to be assumed that his message was other than one of relief and mercy. Those to whom he went were already in prison, and had been there long. To them came the Redeemer, to preach, not to further condemn, to open the way that led to light, not to intensify the darkness of despair in which they languished. Had not that visit of deliverance been long predicted? Centuries before that fateful time Isaiah had prophesied of proud and wicked spirits: "And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited."^k And again, referring to the appointed ministry of the Christ, the same inspired voice of prophecy declared part of that work to be "to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house."^l David, filled with the emotions of contrition and hope, sang in measures of mingled sadness and joy: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell."^m

From these and other scriptures we learn that the ministry of Christ was not confined to the few who lived in mortality during the short period of his earthly life, nor to them and the generations then future; but to all, dead, living, and yet unborn. It cannot be denied that myriads had lived and died before the meridian of time, and of these multitudes, as of the many since born, unnumbered hosts have died without a knowledge of the Gospel and its prescribed plan of salvation. What is their condition, as indeed what shall be the state of the present inhabitants of earth, and of the multitudes yet future, who shall die in ignorance and without the faith that saves? Let us ask again, how can those who know not Christ have faith in him, and how, while lacking both knowledge and faith can they avail themselves of the provision made for their salvation?

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints affirms that

^k Isaiah 24:22.

^l Isaiah 42:6, 7.

^m Psalms 16:9-10.

the plan of salvation is not bounded by the grave; but that the Gospel is deathless and everlasting, reaching back into the ages that have gone, and forward into the eternities of the future. The ministry of the Savior among the dead doubtless included the revelation of his own atoning death, the inculcation of faith in himself and in the divinely-appointed plan he represented, and the necessity of a repentance acceptable unto God. It is reasonable to believe that the other essential requirements comprised within the *laws and ordinances of the Gospel* were made known.

To the less thoughtful reader it may appear that to teach the possibility of repentance beyond the grave may tend to weaken belief in the absolute necessity of repentance and reformation in this life. A careful consideration of the matter, however, will show that this doctrine affords no reason for such objection. To reject or ignore in any degree a gift of God is to forfeit to the corresponding extent one's claim upon that gift. To the soul that has wilfully neglected the opportunities for repentance here offered, repentance in the hereafter may be, and indeed it is reasonable to believe will be, so difficult as to be long unattainable. This conception is justified by scripture, as witness the words of Amulek, a Nephite prophet, who thus admonished the Church on the western continent four score years before the birth of Christ:

"For behold, this life is the time for men to prepare to meet God; * * * therefore, I beseech of you, that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance until the end; * * * Ye cannot say, when ye are brought to that awful crisis, that I will repent, that I will return to my God. Nay, ye cannot say this; for that same spirit which doth possess your bodies at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world. For behold, if ye have procrastinated the day of your repentance, even until death, behold, ye have become subjected to the spirit of the devil, and he doth seal you his."ⁿ

Baptism by water is taught by the Church in this dispensation as an essential ordinance of the Gospel. Baptism is the gateway leading into the fold of Christ, the portal to the Church, the established rite of naturalization in the Kingdom of God. The candidate for admission into the Church, having obtained and professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and having sincerely repented of

ⁿBook of Mormon, Alma 34:32-35.

his sins, is properly required to give evidence of this spiritual sanctification by some outward ordinance, prescribed by authority as the sign or symbol of the new profession. The initiatory ordinance is baptism by water, to be followed by the higher baptism of the Holy Spirit; and, as a result of this act of obedience, remission of sins is granted.^o

That baptism is essential to salvation is attested by many specific scriptures; yet even without such its essentiality appears in view of the unconditional requirement of repentance, and the evident fact that to be of value and effect repentance must imply obedience to the Divine requirements, which include baptism by water. Be it remembered that Jesus, the Christ, though untouched by the taint of sin, submitted in person to this ordinance, which was administered by the Baptist in the waters of Jordan. The burden of John's teaching was "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and to such as came to him professing repentance he administered baptism by water immersion. Then came Jesus unto John, to be baptized of him; and the Baptist, regarding him as one without sin, demurred, saying:

"I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?"

"And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

"And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."^p

It is evident from the foregoing that the baptism of Jesus was acceptable unto the Father, and was by him characterized as an act of humility and obedience on the part of the Son, with which he was well pleased. Some time after his own baptism Jesus affirmed, in words at once forceful and unequivocal, that baptism is required of all men as a condition of entrance into the kingdom of God. To Nicodemus, a ruler among the Jews, who came by night professing some measure of faith, Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the

^o "The Articles of Faith," Lecture VI:1. For a general treatment of Baptism see Lectures VI and VII.

^p Matt. 3:13-17.

Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”^q When in the resurrected state he manifested himself to the apostles, he instructed them by way of final and special commission: “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”^r The necessity and purpose of the ordinance appear in his further words on the same solemn occasion: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”^s

The Apostles, inspired by that Divine commission, ceased not to teach the necessity of baptism, even as long as their ministry endured among mortals.^t

The elders of the Church in the present dispensation have been directed and empowered by the same authority, and almost in the same words: “Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature, acting in the authority which I have given you, baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.”^u On another occasion the Lord added, in a revelation through the modern prophet, Joseph Smith: “Therefore, as I said unto mine aspostles I say unto you again, that every soul who believeth on your words, and is baptized by water for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost.” And further, “Verily, verily, I say unto you they who believe not on your words, and are not baptized in water, in my name, for the remission of their sins, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned, and shall not come into my Father’s kingdom, where my Father and I am.”^v

The Gift of the Holy Ghost follows baptism by water, and its authoritative bestowal constitutes the next essential ordinance of the Gospel.^w In both ancient and modern times this endowment has been regarded as a higher baptism, lacking which the baptism of water is incomplete. John, distinctively known as the Baptist, so taught on the very eve of our Savior’s personal ministry. Con-

^q See John 3:1-7.

^r Matt. 28:19.

^s Mark 16:16.

^t See Acts 2:38; 9:1-18; 10:30-48; 22:1-16; I Peter 3:21.

^u Doctrine and Covenants 68:8, 9.

^v Doctrine and Covenants 84:64, 74; see also 112:28, 29.

^w See “The Articles of Faith,” Lecture VIII.

sider well his words: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."^{*} John testifies further that the one who should thus inaugurate the higher baptism was Jesus, himself. Not until after he had administered the ordinance of water baptism to Jesus, did John recognize him as the Christ; but immediately after that recognition, the Baptist fearlessly proclaimed his testimony:

"Behold the Lamb of God * * * This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me * * * And I knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost."^y

Jesus repeatedly promised the apostles that the "Comforter" or the "Spirit of Truth"^z should be given unto them; and this assurance was made specific and final immediately prior to the ascension. He "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. * * * Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me."^a The promise was fulfilled at the succeeding Pentecost when the apostles received power never before known to them, the endowment being marked by an outward manifestation of fiery tongues.^b The apostles thereafter promised the Holy Ghost to those who sought salvation. Peter's exhortation to the multitude, on that same memorable day of Pentecost, is particularly explicit and forceful. In answer to the inquiry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" the chief of the apostles replied: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."^c

^{*} Matt. 3:11; compare Mark 1:7, 8; Luke 3:16.

^y John 1:29-33.

^z John 14:16, 17, 26; 15:26; 16:7, 13.

^a Acts 1:4, 5, 8.

^b Acts 2:1-4.

^c Acts 2:37, 38.

A similar assurance as to the higher endowment of the Holy Ghost following the ordinance of water-baptism was made by Nephite prophets,^d and by the resurrected Christ in his visit to the people of the western continent.^e And later still this has been repeated through the Church in the current dispensation, that of the fulness of times: "I say unto you again," said the Lord in a revelation to certain elders of the Church, "that every soul who believeth on your words, and is baptized by water for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost."^f

By way of summary let it be repeated: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints holds as a fundamental doctrine, attested and proved by scripture both ancient and modern, that compliance with *the laws and ordinances of the Gospel* is an absolute and irrevocable requirement for admission into the Kingdom of God, or in other words, for the securing of individual salvation to the souls of men, and that this requirement is universal, applying alike to every soul that has attained to age and powers of accountability in the flesh, in whatever period or dispensation that soul has lived in mortality. It follows as a necessary consequence that if any soul has failed, either through ignorance or neglect, to render obedience to these requirements, the obligation is not removed by death.

Vicarious Service of the Living for the Dead

A question now arises as to how it is possible for the dead to comply with the terms of the Gospel and do in the spirit what they had failed to do in the flesh. The exercise of faith and the manifestation of repentance by disembodied spirits may offer no great difficulty to human understanding; but that the dead shall obey the ordinances of the Gospel requiring water-baptism and the baptism of the Spirit by the authorized laying-on of hands, appears to many as truly impossible as seemed the new birth to Nicodemus. He listened in amazement to the Savior's words: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and asked: "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" At last he learned that

^dFor an instance, see Book of Mormon, II Nephi 31:8, 12-14, 17.

^eIII Nephi 11:35; 12:2.

^fDoctrine and Covenants 84:64.

the new birth referred to was baptism by water and the baptism of the Spirit. With equal pertinency it may now be asked: How can a man be baptized when he is dead? Can he enter the second time into his body of flesh and be immersed in water by human agency? The answer is that the necessary ordinances may be performed for the dead by their living representatives, the mortal subject acting as proxy for the departed one. Thus, even as a man may be baptized in his own person for himself, he may be baptized as proxy for and in behalf of the dead.

The validity of vicarious service, in which one person acts in behalf of another, is generally recognized as an element of human institutions; and that such service may be acceptable unto God is attested by the written word. Ancient and modern scripture, the record of history other than sacred, the traditions of tribes and nations, the rites of bloody sacrifice, and even the sacrificial abominations of pagan idolatry, involve the essential conception of vicarious propitiation and of service rendered by proxy. The scape-goat^g and the altar victim^h in the Mosaic dispensation, when offered by constituted authority and with due accompaniment of acknowledgment and repentance, were accepted by the Lord as sacrifices in mitigation of the sins of his people.

The most significant sacrifice of all, the greatest work ever wrought amongst mankind, the pivotal event in human history, the supreme achievement which was at once the most glorious consummation and the most blessed beginning, is the Atonement of Christ; and this was pre-eminently a vicarious offering. No one who believes that Jesus died for man can doubt the validity and efficacy of vicarious ministration. He gave his life as a fore-ordained sacrifice, voluntarily offered and duly accepted as a propitiation for broken law, and the means by which salvation was made possible unto man. That his death was literally an accepted offering in behalf of human kind is thus set forth in the words of the resurrected Christ, given through modern revelation:

"For behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent, but if they would not repent, they must suffer even as I, which suffering caused myself, even God,

^g Lev. 16:20-22.

^h Lev. chap. 4.

the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit: and would that I might not drink the bitter cup and shrink—nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men.”ⁱ

The vicarious effect of the atonement of Christ is twofold; it has wrought a universal redemption of all men from the mortal death incident to the transgression of Adam; and it has provided a means of propitiation for individual sin whereby the sinner may attain salvation through obedience. It is by his mortal life and sacrificial death in behalf of others,—and those others, all who have lived or shall live,—that Jesus the Christ earned his title, Savior and Redeemer of mankind. And as he by effort, sacrifice, and suffering, did for men what they never could accomplish for themselves, and so became in very truth the one and only Savior and Redeemer of the race, so may each of us by opening the way to our departed dead whereby they may be brought within the saving law of the Gospel, become in a small measure saviors unto those who would otherwise be left in darkness.^j

In every instance of vicarious ministration, it is an indispensable requisite that the proxy be worthy and acceptable; and of necessity he must himself have obeyed the laws and ordinances of the Gospel before he can officiate in behalf of others. Further, the ministrations of the living representative must be in accordance with Divine appointment, and in no wise a merely human assumption. The acceptable sacrifices of ancient Israel were such as had been definitely specified and minutely prescribed; and the sacrificial rites could be solemnized only by authorized priests. The supreme sacrifice involved in the atoning death of Christ was as truly appointed and fore-ordained. Prophets, through the long centuries antedating the Christian era, predicted the birth, life and death of our Lord as already provided for;^k and these prophecies were confirmed by Jesus himself.^l Consider also the testimony of the apostles to the same effect. Peter specifically designates Christ as “a Lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily

ⁱ Doctrine and Covenants 19:16-19.

^j See Obadiah 21; I Timothy 4:16; James 5:20.

^k Deut. 18:15, 17-19; Job 19:25-27; Psalms 2:1-12; Zech. 9:9; 12:10; 13:6; Isa. 7:14; 9:6, 7; Micah 5:2.

^l See Luke 24:27, 45, 46.

was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world."^m The designation "Lamb" is indicative of a sacrificial victim. Paul in writing to the Romans characterizes our Lord as the one "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past."ⁿ

The Latter-day Saints affirm that their vicarious work in behalf of the dead is required of them by the call of the Lord through direct revelation; and that it becomes the duty and privilege of every individual who accepts the Gospel and enters the Church to labor for the salvation of his dead. He is expected and required by the obligations and responsibility he has assumed as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, so to live as to be a worthy representative of his departed ancestors, in holy ordinance, and to be of clean life, that he may not forfeit his right to enter the sacred confines of the Lord's House, where alone he may officiate in that privileged capacity.

Let it not be assumed that this doctrine of vicarious labor for the dead implies even remotely, that the administration of ordinances in behalf of departed spirits operates in any manner to interfere with the right of choice and the exercise of free agency on their part. They are at liberty to accept or reject the ministrations in their behalf; and so they will accept or reject, in accordance with their converted or unregenerate state, even as is the case with mortals to whom the Gospel message may come. Though baptism be duly administered to a living man in behalf of a dead ancestor, that spirit will derive no immediate advancement nor any benefit therefrom if he has not yet attained faith in the Lord Jesus Christ or if he be still unrepentant. Even as Christ offered salvation to all, though few there be who accept in the flesh, so temple ordinances may be administered for many in the realm of the departed who are not yet prepared to profit thereby.

It is evident, therefore, that labor in behalf of the dead is twofold; that performed on earth would remain incomplete and futile but for its supplement and counterpart beyond the veil. Missionary work is in progress there—work, compared with which

^mI Peter 1:19, 20.

ⁿRom. 3:25. See further Rom. 16:25, 26; Eph. 3:9-11; Col. 1:24-26; II Tim. 1:8-10; Titus 1:2, 3; Rev. 13:8.

the evangelistic labor of earth is but a small undertaking. There are preachers and teachers, ministers invested with the Holy Priesthood, all engaged in declaring the glad tidings of the Gospel to spirits who have not yet found the light. As has been shown, this great labor amongst the dead was inaugurated by Jesus the Christ, during the brief period of his disembodiment.^o The saving ministry so begun was left to be continued by others duly authorized and commissioned; even as the work of preaching the Gospel and administering therein amongst the living was committed to the apostles in the Church of old.

Authority to Labor in Behalf of the Dead

In the closing chapter of the compilation of scriptures known to us as the Old Testament, the prophet Malachi thus describes a condition incident to the last days, immediately preceding the second coming of Christ:

“For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

“But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.”

The fateful prophecy concludes with the following blessed and far-reaching promise:

“Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord:

“And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.”^p

It has been held by theologians and Bible commentators that this prediction had reference to the birth and ministry of John the Baptist,^q upon whom rested the spirit and power of Elias.^r However, we have no record of Elijah having ministered unto the Baptist, and furthermore, the latter’s ministry, glorious though it

^oSee pages 7, 8, 9.

^pSee Malachi 4:1, 2, 5, 6.

^qCompare Matt. 11:14; 17:11; Mark 9:11; Luke 1:17.

^rLuke 1:17.

was, justifies no conclusion that in him did the prophecy find its full realization. In addition, it should be remembered, that the Lord's declaration through Malachi, relative to the day of burning in which the wicked would be destroyed as stubble, yet awaits fulfillment. It is evident, therefore, that the commonly accepted interpretation is at fault, and that we must look to a later date than the time of John for the fulfillment of Malachi's prediction. The later occasion has come; it belongs to the present dispensation, and marks the inauguration of a work specially reserved for the Church in these latter days. In the course of a glorious manifestation to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in the Temple at Kirtland, Ohio, April 3rd, 1836, there appeared unto them Elijah, the prophet of old, who had been taken from earth while still in the body. He declared unto them:

"Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors."^s

One of the fundamental principles underlying the doctrine of salvation for the dead, is that of the mutual dependence of the fathers and the children. Family lineage and the sequence of generations in each particular line of descent are facts, and cannot be changed by death; on the other hand it is evident from the olden scriptures already cited, and attested by the equally sure word of modern revelation, that the family relationships of earth are recognized in the spirit world. Neither the children nor the fathers, neither progenitors nor descendants, can alone attain perfection; and the requisite co-operation is effected through baptism and related ordinances, administered to the living in behalf of the dead.

In this way and through this work are the hearts of the fathers and those of the children turned toward each other. As the living children learn that without their ancestors they cannot attain a perfect status in the eternal world, their own faith will be strengthened and they will be willing to labor for the redemp-

^s Doctrine and Covenants 110:13-16.

tion and salvation of their dead. And the dead, learning through the preaching of the Gospel in their world, that they are dependent upon their descendants as vicarious saviors, will turn with loving faith and prayerful effort toward their children yet living.

This uniting of the interests of fathers and children is a part of the necessary preparation for the yet future advent of the Christ as ruling King and Lord of earth. Joseph Smith thus taught ;

"The earth will be smitten with a curse, unless there is a welding link of some kind or other, between the fathers and the children, upon some subject or other, and behold what is that subject? It is the baptism for the dead. For we without them cannot be made perfect; neither can they without us be made perfect."[†]

The Church today cites as authority for its administration of ordinances in behalf of the dead, the special bestowal of this power and office through the ministry of Elijah; and furthermore, the Church holds that the giving of that power marked the fulfillment of Malachi's portentous prediction. There appears an element of particular fitness in the fact that the minister through whom this great work has been inaugurated in the present dispensation, is none other than Elijah,—who, not having passed the portals of death, held a peculiar and special relation to both the dead and the living. As to the fidelity with which the Church has served under this special commission, the temples it has reared with such sacrifice and self-denial on the part of its devoted adherents, and the ordinance work already performed therein, are sufficient proof.

The importance with which the Latter-day Saints regard their temple work in behalf of the dead naturally produces among this people a vital interest in the genealogical records of their respective families. Ordinance work in the temples, in behalf of any departed person, can be done only as that person may be described on the record, as to name, relationship, time and place of birth and death, etc., by which data he may be fully and certainly isolated and identified.[‡] It is a matter of common knowledge that interest in genealogical research has greatly increased in the United States and in Europe during the last seven or eight decades. Genealogical societies have been formed, and individual investigators have

[†] Doctrine and Covenants 128:18.

[‡] See Doctrine and Covenants 128:5-8.

devoted great treasures of time and money to the compilation of records showing numerous lines of family descent and the many ramifications of complicated relationship. In all this work the Latter-day Saints profess to see the operation of an over-ruling power, by which their service for the dead is facilitated.

Temples Required for Vicarious Service

While the ordinances of baptism, imposition of hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost, and others, such as ordination to the Priesthood, may be performed upon the living in any suitable and proper place, the corresponding ordinances for and in behalf of the dead are acceptable unto the Lord, and therefore valid, only when administered in places specially provided, set apart, and dedicated for these and kindred purposes; that is to say, such ordinances belong exclusively to the House of the Lord. For a very brief period only, and that the earliest in modern Church history, before the people had opportunity to erect temples, did the Lord graciously accept a temporary sanctuary, even as he accepted the Tabernacle of old as a temporary temple during the period of Israel's wanderings.

In a revelation given to Joseph Smith, the prophet, at Nauvoo, Illinois, January 19th, 1841, the Lord called upon his people to build a house to his name "for the Most High to dwell therein," and added by way of explanation and instruction:

"For there is not a place found on earth that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fulness of the Priesthood;

"For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth, that they, my saints, may be baptized for those who are dead;

"For this ordinance belongeth to my house, and cannot be acceptable to me, only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to build a house unto me.

"But I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me; and I grant unto you a sufficient time to build a house unto me, and during this time your baptisms shall be acceptable unto me.

"But behold, at the end of this appointment, your baptisms for your dead shall not be acceptable unto me; and if you do not these things at the end of the appointment, ye shall be rejected as a church, with your dead, saith the Lord your God.

"For verily I say unto you, that after you have had sufficient time to build a house to me, wherein the ordinance of baptizing for the dead belongeth, and for which the same was instituted from before the foundation of the world, your baptisms for your dead cannot be acceptable unto me,

"For therein are the keys of the holy Priesthood, ordained that you may receive honor and glory.

"And after this time, your baptisms for the dead, by those who are scattered abroad, are not acceptable unto me, saith the Lord;

"For it is ordained that in Zion, and in her Stakes, and in Jerusalem, those places which I have appointed for refuge, shall be the places for your baptisms for your dead.

"And again, verily I say unto you, How shall your washings be acceptable unto me, except ye perform them in a house which you have built to my name?

"For, for this cause I commanded Moses that he should build a tabernacle, that they should bear it with them in the wilderness, and to build a house in the land of promise, that those ordinances might be revealed which had been hid from before the world was;

"Therefore, verily I say unto you, that your anointings, and your washings, and your baptisms for the dead, and your solemn assemblies, and your memorials for your sacrifices, by the sons of Levi, and for your oracles in your most holy places, wherein you receive conversations, and your statutes and judgments, for the beginning of the revelations and foundation of Zion, and for the glory, honor, and endowment of all her municipalities, are ordained by the ordinance of my holy house which my people are always commanded to build unto my holy name.

"And verily I say unto you, Let this house be built unto my name, that I may reveal mine ordinances therein, unto my people;

"For I deign to reveal unto my church, things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, things that pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times."^v

This then is sufficient answer to the question as to why the Latter-day Saints build and maintain temples. They have been instructed and required so to do by the Lord of Hosts. They have learned that many essential ordinances of the Church are acceptable only when performed in temples specially erected and reserved for the purpose. They know that within these precincts of sanctity the Lord has revealed many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God; and that he has promised to reveal yet

^v Doctrine and Covenants 124:28-41. Read the entire section.

more to man in houses sacred to his name. They have learned that a great part of the mission and ministry of the restored Church is the administration of vicarious ordinances in behalf of the unnumbered dead who never heard the tidings of the Gospel, and that for such sacred and saving service *Temples are a necessity.*

President Andrew Jenson of the Scandinavian mission, left Copenhagen, Wednesday, May 14, 1912, going via Russia, Japan and Hawaii on his homeward journey. He presided over the Scandinavian mission, from February, 1909, to May, 1912, and has written the following report to President Rudger Clawson of the European mission, which appeared in the "Millennial Star," and which, as stated, is a record of which any man might well be proud.

"Being about to take my departure from the shores of Europe to return to my home in the Rocky Mountains, I take pleasure in reporting to you as the president of the European mission, that since I took charge of the Scandinavian mission, in February, 1909, I have labored to the best of my ability to promulgate the principles of the everlasting gospel in Denmark and Norway, and have been ably and effectually assisted by faithful elders from Zion. I arrived in the mission February 11, 1909, took charge of the same as successor to Elder Soren Rasmussen four days later, and tomorrow I expect to say good-bye to old Scandinavia and return home by way of Russia, Japan and Hawaii. During my presidency the elders in their capacity of missionaries have visited 1,442,421 houses of strangers, and distributed 2,933,700 books and tracts. The number of additions to the Church has been nearly 1,300 during these three years and three months that I have had charge of the affairs of the mission. Since I left home in Utah I have traveled about 64,000 miles, and delivered nearly 1,000 public addresses, including a number of illustrated lectures on Church history and affairs in Utah. We have labored in the midst of the most bitter opposition; never since the Scandinavian mission was opened in 1850 have the adversaries of the true gospel of Jesus Christ carried on such a crusade against our people and the elders as they have during the past year or two. Special lectures have been delivered by bitter anti-'Mormons.' Living picture shows have been concocted, manufactured and exhibited, misrepresenting and villifying us in the most scandalous manner. The Lutheran clergy and the press have gone hand in hand to create a bitter prejudice in the hearts of the people against us, and the columns of the newspapers have teemed with articles, partly original and partly deducted from old and stale articles, which have circulated and been refuted in other countries many years ago. These things have advertised us freely, and our meetings have in many places been much better attended and more converts been made than would have been the case if we had been left alone.

"During my presidency here, 189 new elders have arrived in the field and 218 have gone home, leaving 133 in the mission at the present time. During my presidency we have printed 10,000 copies of the Book of Mormon, 10,000 copies of the Pearl of Great Price, 52,000 copies of "A Friend From the West," 50,000 cards containing the Articles of Faith, and about 1,450,000 copies of 'Rays of Living Light.'"

A Difference of Opinion.

I stood in a book store the other day,
And, lost to the world, I might as well say;
Soon a voice near by disturbed me in thought;
Around I turned, for these words I had caught:
"Poor thing, she is daft, gone wrong in the head,
No end to the books they say she has read.
She stays home from balls, and socials as well;
I think her quite stupid, if truth I must tell.
She spends so much cash in all kinds of books,
You'd think she'd care more for personal looks;
Oh, she dresses neatly, but then so plain,
With never a ring, a broach or a chain."

To myself I answered, then, with a smile,
Closing a book I was reading meanwhile:
"Yes, pleasures I find, at eve and at morn,
In those very books which you seem to scorn.
I sigh not for want of bonnet or dress,
My love for fine clothes grows ever the less;
I pray it may do so, for that is the best,
And wisdom I will not gauge by your test;
Your life, I imagine, is time idly spent,
To teas, and to bridge, to gossip it's lent.
Sensible people you tire with your chat
Of gowns, a ring, a purse, or a hat.
My time, yes, I'll spend in some quiet nook,
Admiring the talent in some famous book.
Of mankind I would know their joy and pain,
And weigh the secrets of heart and brain.
Had I the money you spend in pleasure,
I'd give to art—nor regret the treasure.
O yes, the books are like fragrance of flowers
That gladdens my heart the saddest of hours.
'Mid vanity's weeds I don't mean to grope,
But live in a garden of roses, I hope:
At the gates of heaven, we must pay for sin—
Well—we'll see who's pardoned, and then let in."

HOPE.



THE LONG, DAMP, PENDANT MOSSES RESTLESS SWAY

Spring on the Pacific Coast

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

I have passed a day in a most delightful walk—a red-letter day I must really call it. The walk was quite lengthy, though so many objects of interest presented themselves for consideration along its course, that I scarcely realized the miles I had traversed until it was over. It was from the quiet hotel on the outskirts of the town (Monterey) to the old Mission building, standing at the edge of Carmel Bay, and thence along the shore of Still-Water Bay to Lobos Point, its southern horn. Spring comes very early here, and throughout the year there appears no frost to sear the garden leaves. Geraniums grow head-tall, hanging in heavy masses over the oaken paling; cottage eaves are hidden by clamoring honeysuckles, and by the garden path the creamy calla lilies bloom through all the misty days of winter.

Monterey is a quaint old town. We call such places old in America. It is nestled into one corner of Monterey Bay, and was

once picturesque with low adobe buildings, roofed with big red tiles, and with gardens surrounded by white-washed, plastered walls. Even at the present date there is not wanting attractive nooks and bits to remind one of its placid, bygone days, and, for that matter, unquiet ones as well. The vesper bell still sounds each evening from the mission church, and close to a cross which marks the landing spot of Father Junipero Serra, the zealous founder of the first-named place, a long, black cannon rusts away amid the weeds and grass. Yes, the place is attractive yet; for beside these relics of priest and soldier, the picture side of labor can be seen there daily—fishermen spreading their nets in the sunshine, patching anew the well-worn sail, or, with their labors done, idling in the boat's shade or by the tavern door. From the hill-top where the cannon lies rusting, red-faced whalemén keep constant watch. Not more than a mile away, along the shore, a cluster of smoke-begrimed sheds, boats upturned under canvas covers, huge iron hooks and sooty pots, and all sorts of other non-descript, indescribable belongings, proclaim a whaling village.

Nothing could be more charmingly varied than the scenery of this peninsula. There is just enough of the works of man among the scenes to relieve, without disturbing their wildness. A light-house stands upon one of the rocky points, whilst farm-houses, dairy farms and fishermen's homes fill up available spaces between the sea and the woods. Long roads are cut through the latter, leading from bay to bay, and they are just near enough to the sea to make us never quite certain if the lulling sounds we hear are made by the wind in the branches of the trees, or by the beating of the surf on the shore. Meeting overhead, the trees form endless vistas, the long, gray pendant mosses gently swayed by the currents of air. Sometimes we catch a glimpse of the waves, but more often the back of a wind-blown dune. We have a chance for a solitary walk or ride on the almost unused bridle-paths, and perhaps may get lost on the way. Often the paths dwindle out altogether, or lose themselves among low, marshy ground. Sometimes they dip into quiet glens, deeply shaded by oak and spruce, and there, by the side of the gentle stream, a *fleur de luce* is sure to be found.

More scenic diversity it would be hard to find. Though the coast has no such lofty cliffs as can be found elsewhere, it has

beetling rocks that are grand in form, and a background of lofty hills makes up for their deficiency in height. A granite coast, washed by a pellucid sea, must necessarily be beautiful. Here nothing could exceed the white purity of the sandy beaches, or that of the drifted dunes between the green hills. Some of the beaches are composed of huge boulders, smoothly polished, and laid side by side, as are the cobbles in a city street, only these are tilted at a sharp angle, and the interstices filled with pearly sand, the grinding up of countless millions of shells. Reefs, ledges and stacks are clothed to tide-mark with richly colored sea-weeds; the sea anemone unfolds its petals in the dark rock pools; there are isolated stacks where the seals disport themselves in sunlight; or, in lieu of these, their surface is whitened with resting gulls, or sombered with dun-brown shags. At every fresh turn the scene has changed, and each new picture seems more attractive to the eye than the one just passed.

It is not, however, in the rock scenery, or the numerous aquatic life that the most attractive feature of this coast is to be found. That is to be seen in the presence of an ancient cypress grove, growing on the very brink of the land, so close to the sea, in fact, that when the waves are rough they wash its very roots, and drench the heavy crowns of foliage with flying spray.

About this growth of venerable trees there is that which strangely stirs the imagination. The beholder feels a spell that is exerted by the darkened, mossy aisles, the dense, drooping masses of sombre foliage, and the pale, under-glimpses of spume-flecked sea. Hardly could that more famous wood at Ravenna affect us more than this. The huge trunks and twisted boughs seem the pillars and groins of some heathen temple, and the crimson light of evening stealing among them, the blood of unknown victims.

Sadness inexpressible reigns through the grove when the mists roll in from the sea. The scene becomes limited to a few of the nearest trees, the more distant showing only as spectral shadows. Melancholy, dim, is the light that rests on the blackened trunks steaming with moisture. Darker and richer in color becomes the foliage, and more vividly green the moss that mottles the trunks and limbs. Encouraged by the universal drappiness, the frogs begin an all-day concert, and ghostly from distant alleys

comes, at measured intervals, the tap of the busy woodpecker. No other sound is heard, and hardly a motion is to be seen, save now and then, when the cup of a *fleur de luce* or the rim of a scarlet aster becomes too heavily weighted and sideways spills its watery burden.

As a contrast to this, there is no effect so captivating in its beauty, on this coast, during the springtime of the year, as that when the cold morning mists are being dispelled by the rising sun. Floating away in soft, white wreaths, the mists pass across the hills and let the sun pour down his rays, hot through the humid atmosphere. Foliage, grass and flowers, all dripping wet, glisten beneath the light. There is a brilliant flash and sparkle on the waves, as they break in emerald and topaz over the purple-weeded rocks. Creatures of land and main, rejoicing in the transition from dark to light, are all abroad. Across the lawn the partridge leads her covey of young; the humming-bird passes by, a flash of colored fire; for a moment the brown, shining heads of the seals show above the waves, then dip again. Even among the shags there is unwonted commotion as, craning their long necks, they stare stupidly, or drop from their rock and skim across to some other group of their equally stupid neighbors. Overhead the gulls are describing lines of infinite grace, the sunlight bright on their snowy wings. Once the mists lifted, the fishing boats are seen out on the bay, and if our eyes are good we may discern a dark, moving speck, far out on the ocean, either a passing vessel or the whale-boat out on a cruise.

But now to begin the walk.

The morning was foggy and threatened rain, so much so that I hardly cared to start. Trees and grass were already drenching wet with dew, and a showery day in the woods fronting the shore promised but little comfort. Later on, however, a yellow ray or two, struggling through the drift, argued well for the turn of the weather, so, with the chances in favor of sunshine, I started forth. Hardly an hour had elapsed before patches of blue sky began to appear, and soon the greater part of the vault was clear, and the consequent flood of sunshine made grass and foliage glitter as though they had been sprinkled with diamond dust.

On reaching a turn in the road my eyes instinctively sought the old Mission building, standing on its lonely hill. As it has



INCOMING TIDE, CYPRESS POINT

recently undergone what is misnamed a *restoration*, I feared that its pleasing effect on the surrounding landscape might be impaired. But the fear was groundless; its cream-colored towers rose as ever, in graceful contrast to the level, deep-blue waters of the Carmel Bay, and its star-shaped window (though the light came through it no longer) and its many other quaint and suggestive forms of ornamentation made it still a precious object, externally, to the sketcher's eye.

There is something remarkable in the fulness of beauty given to a landscape by the presence of a goodly time-worn building, especially if its history provides material for the meditative mood. It is no more its effect, pictorially, in the scene, than the part it plays in the more subtle, changing picture that the mind weaves out of the present hours, mingled with stories of days that are past. Though the Mission Carmel can hardly be spoken of as a noble building, yet it is massive and bold, and in its history there is that which gives it both importance and romance.

On the northern shore of the Carmel Bay I stopped at the home of a dairy farmer to ask the purchase of a bowl of milk. It was a long, rickety-looking building, with high-peaked gables, facing to east and west. Rather a forbidding house, as seen from without, its timbers blackened and bent, and tufts of moss mottling its sun-warped shingles, but inside it was all cheerfulness and homely plenty. Not only did I get the bowl of milk, but a boun-

teous meal besides, for which the generous inmates refused all offers of remuneration. John Martin is the name of the gude-man, and he is a person with a quiet, almost abstracted manner, yet with a shrewd gray eye that brightens wonderfully whenever a topic is discussed in which he takes an especial interest. He first pointed out to me the grassy mounds, defining the foundations of the earliest enclosures of the Mission, "and the plow," he said, "often struck against the stones where an altar had stood." Near there he was inclined to believe the true burial place of Junipero Serra to be. Among the articles he had reclaimed from the ground were a pair of silver candlesticks, a silver bell and the bowl of a silver censer.

Dinner over, my host walked with me while I retraced my steps to the door of the Mission. But I shall not describe it as now it looks; its interest has gone. A bright-eyed little Portuguese girl once carried the keys to unlock the wicket-gate; but she has also changed. Her father it was who, in 1882, lifted the stone slabs near the altar, uncovering three coffins, one of which was supposed to contain the remains of Serra, the building's founder. We crossed the enclosure, passed by the foot of the southern tower, and entered in at the eastern door. There is something ghastly in the first stages of decay in a noble building, before the fallen beam is coated with moss, or before flowers have taken root in the gaping chinks in the wall. Time, though it may wreck the works of man, yet often bids nature deck the vanquished with her many beauties. The old Mission in its ruined state filled me with pleasing emotions. The raggedness of ruin was being hidden away by the growth of years. Bushes grew thickly along the nave and on the choir arch. The flagging, the altar steps were concealed beneath a carpet of bright green grass, mingled with the yellow blossoms of some lowly flower. It was so peaceful, so quietly beautiful, that although we might differ from, we could not sneer at, the faith that built it. Now that charm has gone. We miss the yellow sunlight that, streaming in through the broken roof, fell on wall and arches; the soft carpeting of verdure on the earth-covered floor, and the white doves that flew in and out of the star-shaped window. But more than all we miss the lulling voice of the sea, that filled the place with solemn murmurs. Then it reminded of a gentle message—"Love ye one another." Now

when the door swings open there is no such thrill. The tawdry nature of the restored parts, the stern, austere, menacing words written upon the walls, and the absence of any object telling of a simple faith, free from superstition, are quite as painful as is the quick, bold demand for money, made by the young woman standing guard at the door, as compared with her former shy and winsome manner.

There is a writer, whose name I can not just now recall, who, in his attempts to prove the theory of transmigration of souls, brings forward as evidence of the truth of the theory, the feeling of recognition, with which we often look on places seen by us for the first time; a feeling of familiarity as though we had known them all our lives. Should we not attribute this to the scenes themselves being *en rapport* with our mental development, making them seem a part of our being, and which had always a part in our lives? Or, perhaps, it is the past pleasure of an ancestor transmitted to us in some mysterious way, to be again a pleasure of earth. Whatever the cause may be, such a feeling was mine as I rambled by the shore of the sea this day; a sense of enjoyment such as comes but rarely in a life time. The trampling of the waves; the silent, sunny hillsides; the flowery meadows, swept by brine-scented winds, and the quiet loneliness of the woods, awoke in me sensations that seemed to have their origin in my inmost being. Gaily I went along the path; sometimes walking, more often running. How exhilarating was the fresh sea breeze, the noisy surf and the gay tossing of the countless flowers! It was like a draught of rich old wine. Glorious, too, the colors around! Nature ignores the canons of art; her contrasts are most vivid, sometimes most violently given. Such, for instance, was that combination of deep blue sky, a sunlit bank of grass, a flaming line of poppies dividing them—unapproachable in brilliance by any method of art, and yet how gloriously beautiful! So, also, was a mass of purple verbenas, on a white sand dune; the flowers burning like spots of fire against the shining emerald of the incoming waves.

From Point Lobos there is a view of unusual grandeur. Well did it repay for the trouble in reaching it. Though approaching the sombre in style, the richness of the sea coloring prevents it from being too gloomy. The cliff, a coarse conglomerate, fronts

the sea in great circular shelves, which at the water line are hollowed out into holes and caves, where the waves resound with an astonishing roar. Its whole front is stained with earth tints of a deep red and yellow, and below the upper tide line. The sea weeds cover shore rocks and stacks with gorgeous coloring.

Looming up in the distance of this scene, to the south, was a dome of rock—dim, pale and almost colorless, a grand object to the sight, but also one of dread to the passing mariner. Of wild life there was enough to have lent animation to a far less attractive scene; shags, gulls, seals, all busy in their several ways; some great bird—a sea-eagle, perhaps, gyrated overhead, and its circling shadow fell, now on the land, now on the main. Dispersed over the top of the cliff was a herd of wild-looking cattle. My emerging from the wood had been the signal for a surprise on their part and a retreat on mine. Congregated across the path they had stared wildly at me, half in anger, half in fear, ready on the instant to dash at the intruder or away from his path as the first movement of their leader should dictate. I was well content to leave them unprovoked. Abandoning the path, I skirted along the cliff edge, leaving the glossy creatures victors without dispute.

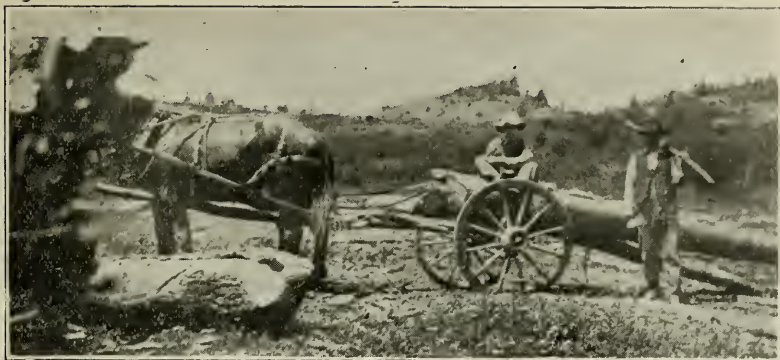
Before we say good-bye, let us linger awhile upon that tongue of land, forming a protecting bulwark between the river and the sea, and view from its top the broad, panoramic view that stretches up and down the coast. First, let us look northward up the coast. Little else can be seen at first glance, save the long, glistening rollers, busy at their endless toil of denuding the land and being themselves torn into shreds by reef and ledge, the projecting ribs of the old earth skeleton, as noble, but unfortunate, Hugh Miller so tersely has put it. On the furthest point stands the white-towered lighthouse, and nearer the drooping, darksome masses of foliage at the cypress grove. To southward the hills slope gently down to the sea, their lower swells fretted with tusks of granite, smoothed by the waves of long ago—a piece of land reclaimed from the sea, to be covered now with lupins and poppies. Wind-ing across it a path is seen leading to a nest of weather-warped houses, among them the village schoolhouse “o’er the bit o’ rolling hill,” and further yet to the south, the huge, rocky headlands breasting the force of incoming waves. Looking inland the eye sees for miles up the wooded Carmello Valley, with curves of the

river flashing in the sun; a tender haze from hillside to hillside, blending all the shadows into loveliest blue. Quite near to the hill where we stand is the Mission garden, with the cream-colored towers of the Mission showing above, and on the opposite side of the river, checkered with sunlight and shadow, are the white plastered walls of the Padre's cottage.

Shall we once more supply the landscape with the figures that it knew but a few years ago—the zealous friars in their rough, gray garbs passing to toil in the Mission fields, or, obedient to the solemn tones of the bell, the simple-minded Indians hastening to see the last of the mortal remains of their beloved Father Serra? How, in spite of their austere lives, the hearts of those friars must have yearned to look once more on their native land! How often, even with such courage as theirs, they must have repined among the poor, ignorant Indians of the coast! Here, from this spot, we can see, with little change, the place as their eyes beheld it. The dark blue-gum trees shading the farm-house would be strange to their eyes, as well as the distant village; but little else has changed. The river creeping along in its sandy bed, the garden in the river bend; the orchard, with its rows of pear trees, and the sweeping curve of surf and sands—these were all the same. So, too, the deep blue waters of the bay, the purple rocks of the distant headland with that alluring stretch of ocean beyond; and those gold-white clouds rolling overhead like angels' chariots, *they* are always the same with each recurrence of the gentle spring.

Of the return walk there is little more to say. I had been invited to remain over night at the farm-house, and retraced my steps but slowly. In the bush where I had hidden Goliath's boots, I found a stupid old owl asleep, who took the disturbance with a very ill grace. Twilight over the sea, with Venus shining like Hero's torch across the purple water, ended my *red-letter day*.





Song of the Chopper

[NOTE: These verses are respectfully dedicated to my father, Orrin J. Merrill who, in his younger days, was a first-class chopper, and who by his wonderful tales of the woods implanted in my heart a love for these our mountains.—H. R. M.]

Chip, chop, chip, chop—

The echoes fly along,

The chips fly thick about my head,

My blows are true and strong;

My ax is keen, my helve is tough,

I swing it wide and free.

Chip, chop, chip, chop,

Rings forth the symphony.

Chip, chop, chip, chop,

From dawn till shadows fall,

And owls from crag or wooded height

Send forth their mournful call;

I swing my ax with heart as light

As mortal man's could be,—

Chip, chop, chip, chop,

Beats out the melody.

Chip, chop, chip, chop—

The kerf is smooth and white.

The gum drops glisten in the sun

Like lobes of purest light;

The heart is reached, the proud tree quakes,

The chips are moist and brown.

Chip, chop, chip, chop.

The monarch crashes down.

Chip, chop, chip, chop—

When night her robes has spread,

And fairy dreams or visions bright

Crowd round my mountain bed,

I hear the sound, the echoes, too,

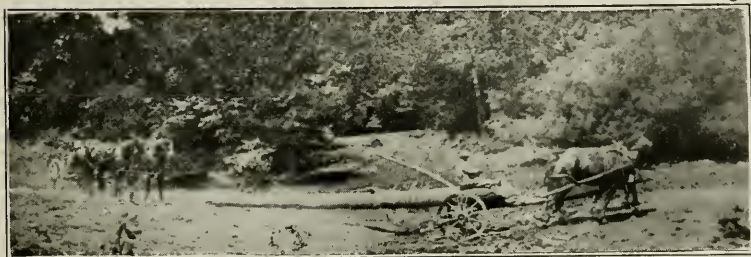
The woodland glance along.—

Chip, chop, chip, chop,

The hills return the song.

HARRISON R. MERRILL.

PRESTON, IDAHO.



The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY

Stage XIV—In Which the Story Moved Forward Three Years

The low, frame cottage in which the Dudleys lived squatted far back in the spacious lot. It faced the east. The front porch, covering the whole extent of the house and running up to join the sloping roof, was supported by four huge pillars, made of cemented cobblestones, which looked for all the world like four great giants holding up a canopy of mosquito bar. A little way out from the porch stood two immense clusters of lilac bushes, literally abloom with the sweet-scented purple flower, between which, and also between two hedges of rose plants, ran a cobblestone walk to the gate some rods away. All around in the lot were trees—mainly fruit trees—whose young leaves you could almost see shooting out joyously to meet the spring warmth. A peculiar charm of beauty and quiet lay upon everything this bright, fresh morning, which made you think of Tennyson's words about the young man's fancy.

But maybe that was because you felt, as you looked at the cottage with its pleasant setting, that perhaps there was in the place just then a young man with a fancy. Anyway, as if to meet your feeling, there presently issued forth from the front door that identical young man radiant as the early spring morning he was coming out to meet. He was not handsome; at all events he would not do as the hero of a romance. His figure was not quite tall enough, he was not sufficiently slender, and his ears were a trifle too large. But he was a substantial youth, one whom you would instinctively trust if you had a bit of work to do and a responsibility to give. He stood on the porch looking out into the morning, for a moment; the sun beamed upon his face; then he passed, whistling, over the cobblestone path. At the gate he lifted his hat to a passing lady, and exposed to view a square head.

"Brocketts!" you say. And so it is. For there is no mistaking that square head, once you have marked it.

He walked up the street in such a way as showed plainly enough that he knew where he was going—which is a good thing in any man, young or old. At length he turned into a livery stable. In the course of a few minutes he came out in a brand-new top buggy, drawn by two of the yellowest horses you ever

saw, with shiny white manes and curving necks. These all swept gloriously down the street in the direction from which the young pedestrian had come, every passer-by gazing in admiration as they sped.

But he did not stop at the cottage with the lilac bushes and the cobblestone pillars. He spun past it, only inclining his face slightly to see if anyone was on the porch. He turned to the east, then to the south, and then to the east again. Presently he drew rein before a two-story adobe house that stood suspiciously close to the fence, that had a brief cobblestone walk between the house and the fence, and that had in front of it a gate which clicked atrociously. It looked very much like Bishop Ward's. It *was* Bishop Ward's! And if there wasn't Bessie Ward standing on the porch!

There is not the least doubt that *she* could be put into a book! She would do credit to the finest romance ever conceived. That slight, graceful figure, in white waist and blue skirt, the abundant brown hair and those wonderful dark eyes—these were more bewitching than anything you find in any book. At least Brocketts thought so as he looked at her there on the porch, a light coat thrown over the left arm, a lunch basket in the right hand, and a bunch of lilacs on her breast. It is small wonder that he felt like rushing to the porch and clasping her in his arms. But he courageously restrained himself.

"Oh, Brocketts!" she exclaimed, still standing there, "what beautiful horses! And she made a hundred long syllables of this much-abused adjective. "Where did you get them?"

"At the stable," Brocketts answered.

"I didn't know there were such beautiful horses in the world." This time "beautiful" was given only some fifty syllables.

"It's a new team," Brocketts explained. "They haven't had them at the stable very long. They *are* beauties, though!"

"I should think they are!"

Having thus paid her compliments to the horses, who meantime were curving their necks prodigiously and stamping eagerly as if to make the compliment as well-deserved as they could, Bessie descended from the porch, went through that maddening gate, and was helped into the buggy. But she would not let Brocketts move an inch on his way till she had divided the bunch of lilacs and pinned one-half of it to his coat lapel, reserving the other half to herself.

And then off they wheeled giddily through the streets.

"City Creek Canyon will be just lovely today!" Bessie cried, clinging to Brocketts with one hand and holding her hat with the other. "How far shall we go?"

"Oh, as far as you want to."

"I don't care to go very far. I'd rather drive up a few miles, and then come back to some cosy nook and gather flowers. wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I believe I would."

"Now, you wouldn't either, Brocketts. You're just saying that to please me!"

"No, I'm not—honestly."

"All right, then," she ended.

In this light, airy vein they chatted till they almost reached the mouth of the canyon. Then Brocketts slowed up the horses.

"There's Ensign peak!" he said, superfluously. He pointed his whip towards the hill. Dudley would have said in answer to this apparent commonplace: "Why, yes, Brocketts; it hasn't moved a bit! Now, I wonder!"

But Bessie understood Brocketts. To her, his remark was not commonplace.

"It's a long time since we were up there, isn't it?" she replied.

"Yes; and a good many things have happened since then. I've been up there several times since *we* were there. But I was always alone. That was after your father and I had that conversation. It was the nearest I could get to you."

"What a dreadful thing that was, Brocketts!" she broke in. "But I'm glad now—aren't you? We think all the more of each other, don't we?" And she moved a tiny bit nearer to him, though before this you would have declared it to be quite impossible for her to do so.

"Yes," he said simply to both questions.

"There's nothing to come between us now, anyway," Bessie ventured. "But how did you come to join the Church, Brocketts?"

"When your father told me, that night nearly three years ago, that I couldn't keep company with you because I wasn't a 'Mormon,' I made up my mind to examine 'Mormonism.'" Brocketts didn't tell her of that conversation with Mr. Dargan on marriage, which really started him out on his investigation. "And so I got some books to read," he went on. Mr. Dargan helped me out there. I read the Book of Mormon. Then I read the *Voice of Warning*, and Orson Pratt's *Works*, and a good many other things. I went to meeting as often as I could, in the ward and at the Tabernacle. And then you know, Dudley used to preach to me in his letters like the deuce while he was on his mission, and in person after he came back. I had a good many conversations with Mr. Dargan, too. My associations also, I suppose, had something to do with it.

"While I read and talked about religion, I used to make notes of the particular things I was to question myself about to see if I believed them. I've got them all now—I'll show them

to you some day, Bessie. The moral points I put first, and then the religious. Honesty, I remember, was the first. Do you believe in being honest? I asked myself. And of course I could truthfully answer yes. Then there was truthfulness, chastity, kindness, industry, and so on. In each case I could say yes. If 'Mormonism' teaches these things, I said to myself, I'm a 'Mormon!'

"Then came the religious points. Already I believed in God, in Christ, and in the Holy Ghost. I believed in having faith, in repenting, and in the necessity of having the Holy Spirit to guide my thoughts. But I stumbled on baptism by immersion till I lost out in an argument with Dudley and Mr. Dargan. They both pitched into me one day in the store. After that I studied the subject of divine authority. It did not take me long to see that, and then I gave in."

"How long ago was that?" asked Bessie.

"Nearly two years ago now."

Bessie stared at him. "And you weren't baptized till nearly a year afterwards?"

"Nine months after," he corrected. "I was afraid my friends would say I joined the Church so that I could go with you! And so I held off, though I knew I shouldn't."

"You didn't think I would say that, did you, even to myself?" Bessie put in.

"No; you knew me better than anybody else. I knew I could depend on your thinking the right way about me."

She gave him a look of affectionate gratitude.

They were now deep in the canyon. On each side the leaves were out farther than in the valley. The creek murmured pleasantly as it ran its sparkling way.

"If I had all that to do over again," Brocketts added, "I believe I'd begin at the other end." He paused reflectively.

"What do you mean, Brocketts?"

"The other end of my studies of the Church."

"Oh!"

"I'd find out first whether I could believe in the First Vision of the Prophet Joseph and the visions concerning the Book of Mormon. The rest would be easy if I believed these."

"Papa says," Bessie put in irrelevantly, "that you know more about the gospel and know it better than any other young man around here."

Brocketts colored.

"He's mighty proud of you, Brocketts—almost as proud as I am." And she gave his arm a little squeeze.

They were now by the natural bridge, a couple of giant boulders meeting over the stream. Not a great way above this Brocketts pointed out a spot on the opposite side of the creek which would make a good place to camp in when they returned, and

farther on a number of other pleasant nooks. The road from here had a good many hills and valleys in it. Moreover, it was rough and narrow. Bessie wondered what they would do if they should meet a wagon. But they did not. They talked mostly about the scenery they passed, the noise of the water, and the bad roads.

At last they turned back. They had gone up many miles, finding the road more and more awkward. It was nearly noon by this time. Arriving at one of the places which they had pointed out on their way up, Brocketts unhitched the horses, watered them and gave each of them a nose bag of oats.

After luncheon, they wandered about among the hills for a time, and sat down by the creek.

"I've got some good news for you, Bessie," Brocketts began. "I can't keep it any longer."

"Oh, what is it?"

"You remember my telling you once, before that night, that I had bought some lots?"

Bessie remembered.

"That was after I took Harper's place in the counting room. Well, I sold those lots, put some more money with the money I got for them, and bought some more."

Bessie laughed. "Is that the good news, Brocketts?"

"No; I'm leading up to it gradually, so as not to give you too much of a shock."

"Oh!" she exclaimed apprehensively, "you haven't lost all your money?"

"I said I had *good* news, dear."

"Oh, yes—I forgot. I'm too curious."

"Every cent I could scrape together," Brocketts continued, "I put in real estate. I bought a lot here and a lot there, till I had lots all over town. Then I sold them all for a big piece—several acres—southeast of town. I was sorry afterwards, because I just could not sell it or trade it off, and so I began to think it a bad bargain. But the other day"—Brocketts paused and looked at Bessie—"I sold it for twelve thousand dollars!" Bessie was incredulous. But she finally grasped the figures in all their bigness, though not till Brocketts had repeated them three times.

"The boomers are coming to town," he explained.

"And what are boomers?" she wanted to know.

He told her. "They'll probably sell that land for twenty thousand dollars to eastern people. But twelve thousand dollars isn't a bad bargain. It's only a streak of good luck, though. It's a wonder I didn't lose it all. But land's always a good investment, anyway, only sometimes you have to wait so long."

"And what are you going to do with all that money, Brocketts?" she queried.

He took her hand for an answer, and turned about a certain ring, with a sparkling gem in it, on a certain one of her fingers. "What do you think of going to Germany on our wedding journey?"

"Oh, wouldn't that be nice—to help you find your father and mother? That's just the thing. Let's do it!"

"We'll go, then, as soon as Mr. Bernstein gets well. I hate to leave him now that he's sick. Besides, I have a suspicion that the business is not getting on in the best way."

"You ought to be managing the store, Brocketts," Bessie suggested. "I know you could do it."

"That's because you've got too high an opinion of me," he returned. "Still I *could* do it, now. When Mr. Bernstein advanced me to head bookkeeper, when he took sick and put Shorthurst as manager, I was too inexperienced. But a year and a half of such work as I've had to do there has given me a chance to pick up a lot of pointers. For, you know, Shorthurst has put me now in this place, now in that, till one time and another I've been looking after every department in the store. Shorthurst isn't the man Mr. Bernstein is. He can't keep track of half as much. "Ornstead's after me all the time to go and manage his store. Yesterday he offered me a hundred and fifty dollars a month. But, of course, I couldn't think of going."

"Would you go, Brocketts, if Mr. Bernstein was well?"

"I don't know. I like Mr. Bernstein. He's treated me as he would his own son, I think. Still fifty dollars a month is a good deal to throw away!"

"Maybe if he knew you were offered that place, and if he were well, he'd do better by you," Bessie hinted.

"Very likely. He did that twice, once when I told him, and another time of his own accord, when he heard that Nickerson Brothers wanted me. But we'll wait, Bessie, till Mr. Bernstein gets well enough to be around again. It won't be long now, I think. I was down there to see him last week, and Mrs. Bernstein said he was sitting up now, as you know, for an hour or two in the mornings."

Another short ramble along the stream, and the beautiful tans were hitched up and driven to town, taking behind them two happier hearts, if possible, than they had brought into the canyon.

Stage XV—Wherein Brocketts Takes Up Arms Against a Sea of Troubles.

The members of the Wasatch Lyceum were gathering for one of their tri-weekly meetings in the little assembly room at the rear of the book store. It was Wednesday night, the week after the events recorded in the preceding chapter.

Something unusual had happened. That was clear from the number of small groups here and there in the room and the subdued murmur of conversation in each. Never before had this been known to occur.

Brocketts was late—a thing unprecedented with him. Yet, although it was not his turn to preside, the meeting had not taken up. As soon as he entered, however, the groups broke up of their own accord, the members went to their places and our old friend, Dudley Brown, the president for the evening, took the chair. The preliminaries over, Brocketts was recognized by the president.

"I move you, sir," he said, addressing the chair, "that we lay aside the regular order of business for tonight and take up a matter of a more pressing nature, as I think."

Instantly there were forty seconds. The question was called for, put, and carried with a unanimous shout.

Then followed a brief, almost painful, silence.

Losing track of all formality, Dudley looked at Brocketts and said, "How does the situation stand now?"

"Not much changed since this morning," Brocketts replied, amid a death-like stillness. "All we know is that Mr. Shorthurst has disappeared and that the business is in a very bad state. It isn't known yet whether Mr. Bernstein is bankrupt."

A murmur rose on the air, mingled with low whispers, exclamations of surprise, and imprecations.

"Well, what's become of him?" some one asked.

"Nobody knows," Brocketts answered, for all the questions seemed to be directed at him. "He's either committed suicide or skipped the country."

"Did he take any money?" some one else wanted to know.

"Nobody knows that, either. A good deal of money has gone somewhere. That's certain."

"The stock in the clothing department's lower than it has ever been since I first knew it," volunteered one of the men.

"That's true of all departments," suggested Dudley. And this statement was immediately met by a murmur of approval.

"And yet," another declared, "the stock in all departments a year ago was larger than it ever was under Mr. Bernstein."

There was a general air of approval of this assertion also.

"Have these goods been paid for, do you know?" some one asked. "What do the books show?"

The books showed nothing. Nobody could tell what had been paid for and what hadn't. The receipts were there, but the disbursements were not. That was why it could not be definitely ascertained whether or not the Bernstein establishment was bankrupt.

Then somebody asked what was going to be done about it, to which question no one seemed to have an answer. Brocketts

had in mind a remedy for the whole situation, but he hesitated to give it. At length, however, since everyone appeared to look to him, he ventured a statement, which he put forward, he said for their discussion.

"Something must be done," he declared. "We're all agreed in that, I think. If something's not done and that quickly, too, why we shall most likely lose our places—every one of us. But that's not the worst. Mr. Bernstein will be ruined, and when he finds it out the shock will probably kill him. For these two reasons, then, something's got to be done."

There appeared to be general satisfaction at this proposition. Confidence in Brocketts even increased, if that could well be, by his grasp of the situation, and his clear, logical way of putting it.

"But who's to do it?" he demanded, and answering his own query, he went on: "Mr. Bernstein can't—that's certain. He's been sick, as you know, for a year and a half now; he won't be fit to cope with the situation till it's too late. Nothing can be clearer than that. Neither can this aid come from the outside—from those who don't know anything about the business of the firm. It'll have to come from us who are here!"

He paused to see what the effect of this would be. It was apparently satisfactory, for he continued:

"That help, as I look at it, must consist of two things: First, we must bind ourselves to see this thing through, whatever it costs. Mr. Bernstein's been a friend and helper to us all. He has never been a hard taskmaster. We have never been called on to do anything for him. Now's the time to be his friend. We must rally to his support. We've got to fight, if need be, to the last ditch. We have got to see it through. It may be that we shall have to work for a time for little or no pay. I don't know that we shall, I only state the possibility of it. But whatever it is, we'll have to stand together in this matter.

"That's the first thing we've got to do. Another thing we ought to do is to choose somebody to call on Mrs. Bernstein to advise her in this affair. This is a more delicate point. But it should be done, nevertheless. She's the only one that has a right to act in the situation, but she won't know how matters stand with respect to the business. And so I suggest that we select some one who understands the matter to consult, or at least to offer to consult, with her.

"This is what I think we ought to do."

As may be supposed, this body of men did ample justice to this appeal of Brocketts' to their loyalty. They bound themselves enthusiastically and unanimously to stand by Mr. Bernstein even though they be required to go without their salary for a time. When it came to the second suggestion made by Brocketts, that

they choose one of their number to pay a visit to Mrs. Bernstein, there was a general shout of:

"Brocketts Porter! Brocketts Porter!"

And so it happened that Brocketts was delegated to see the proprietor's wife.

Brocketts wasted no time in calling on Mrs. Bernstein. The meeting having adjourned early, he went immediately to his employer's residence.

Mrs. Bernstein knew of the situation at the store from the morning papers. She was a brave little woman, inclined to take things philosophically.

"Does Mr. Bernstein know about this?" was Brocketts' first question.

"Dear me, no!" she answered. "It would kill him. That's one reason why he hasn't got along any better; he's been afraid that things were not going on as they should at the store. I'd rather every cent was gone than tell him of this affair."

Brocketts told her he was glad her husband did not know of it. He told her of the meeting that had just dismissed. She wanted to know how matters now stood at the store. On this point, too, he gave her what information he had.

"Somebody's got to manage things," she said, when he had finished his explanation. "Now, my husband always spoke so highly of your abilities, Brocketts, that I think you'd better take charge until Mr. Bernstein gets better. When he took sick he said that he wished you were a little older and that he had given you better opportunities to learn the business, so that you could take charge instead of Shorthurst. And the fact that the men at the store chose you to come here shows they have the same confidence in you. So if you will undertake the responsibility, Brocketts, I'll be under deep obligation to you, and so will my husband when he learns of it."

Brocketts thanked her modestly for her confidence in him, and assured her that he would do his utmost to see that the business was saved.

"I know you will, Brocketts," she said. "You may find it very hard. The business may go down in spite of you, but I hope not, for Mr. Bernstein's sake."

"I think you ought to know what I intend to do, Mrs. Bernstein, so that you can approve or disapprove it."

That Brocketts already had a plan need not be a surprise. He had, indeed, foreseen what the meeting would do and his own appointment to the management by Mrs. Bernstein. And his fertile intellect had been at work accordingly, planning how he would save the institution.

Mrs. Bernstein consented to listen, though she disclaimed any

ability to know whether it was good or not; she would leave the whole matter to him.

"My plan," he said, "is briefly this: I propose, first, to find out exactly the financial state of the business. That will be comparatively easy. If, as I suspect, there is a large indebtedness with eastern houses for goods, then I will have to make an agreement with them—some sort of settlement to avoid their closing us out. After that there will be the matter of buying a fresh supply of goods without the money to pay for them. These two things will not be so easy."

Mrs. Bernstein became frightened at the prospect. "It's too much for you, Brocketts; maybe you'd better let everything go. Oh, dear me!"

"You trust to me, Mrs. Bernstein; I'll bring things out all right. Don't you worry."

He secured a statement from Mrs. Bernstein appointing him to the management of the establishment, with full authority to act as he saw best. This statement he read, next morning, to the assembled employes, who received it with applause. "I want you to stand behind me in all this," he said, earnestly. "It's a critical time. I don't know whether I can pull it through or not. I'll do my best."

They cheered again and promised to stand with him loyally.

The job was bigger than Brocketts had thought. The affairs of the firm were in a bad shape. Shorthurst had made a clean sweep of it, whether through lack of business management or through dishonesty, nobody could tell. Certain it was that the stock of goods in the store, in all departments, was exceedingly low. It became certain before long that the firm was owing large bills to several eastern houses; for as soon as the eastern concerns learned what had happened, which they did in an incredibly short time, their agents came flocking to Bernstein's establishment. Brocketts had already discovered that the firm had nothing to its credit at the bank.

But Brocketts did not lose heart on this account. "Look here," he said to the eastern drummers, "we're owing you thousands of dollars. You can close us out, of course, but that wouldn't pay your houses. There's only one way out of the difficulty, and that is to give us our own time with those accounts and then to trust us for a fresh supply of goods. We've got a big place with a big business. In time we'll pay you every cent we owe you. That's my proposition."

"They might let you have time to pay those accounts in," the commercial travelers answered, "but to increase your account is out of the question. They'll never do that."

"Well, will you state my proposition to them as I gave it to you?"

They said they would, but repeated their opinions that it would be of no use so far as that second point was concerned. "They'll ask for cash down, hereafter," they said.

Brocketts himself had great faith in the business integrity of the Bernstein firm. He determined, though, that if it were necessary, he would apply his own twelve thousand dollars and whatever other amount he could scrape together of his own, on the account or in part payment of the new stock of goods.

But neither of these was necessary, for in due course of time the drummers returned with the most flattering report. The eastern houses would, without exception, allow Mr. Bernstein his own time on the accounts and were willing to give him ninety days on all the new goods he wanted to buy. The "Mormons" had a reputation for commercial honesty, they said, and would do the square thing with creditors.

"You must have put in a good word of your own," said Brocketts to the agents.

But they disclaimed having done anything more than state the situation as it was, leaving the result to the good judgment of their employers. As a matter of fact, however, they had caught some of Brocketts' enthusiasm and hope, and conveyed it to the east—which is the most natural thing in the world.

One other step Brocketts took at this time. That was to write to those who owed Mr. Bernstein, stating the condition of his affairs, so far as his losses were concerned, and urging them to make immediate payment. This met with an unexpectedly happy result.

All of which proves the faith honest men have in one another and the things they are willing to do on the basis of that faith.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER)



AT THE SEVIER COUNTY FAIR

In Sunny Africa

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

II—The New U. S. A.

Let us stroll along Government Avenue, the noted thoroughfare that is the pride of the good people of the Cape of Good Hope. The avenue is nearly a mile long, and on either side is a row of mighty oaks, planted by the Dutch East India Company, nearly two hundred years ago. The Houses of Parliament have a splendid location at the lower end of Government avenue. They were built in 1886, the cost reaching over a million dollars. The architecture is the renaissance style, clean cut, and of such an impressive character that the home of the law-makers of South Africa lingers long in the memory. There are four porticos. One faces Parliament street, the other Government avenue. The latter is never used. The smaller porticos face Government house and the Supreme Court buildings. By the Parlia-



ment street entrance, one passes through the vestibule and enters "Queen Victoria Hall," where once a year Mr. Speaker entertains members of the lower house at dinner. At one end of the hall are the arms of the Colony; at the other, a present from the late queen to the Colony, a full-length portrait of herself in regal robes and regalia. On the right of the hall is the debating chamber of the Upper House, on the left that of the Lower Chamber. There is also a throne room, showing the allegiance of this part of sunny Africa to the king. It is surrounded with beautiful gardens in which a statue of Queen Victoria stands at the front, chiseled from the finest marble.

This is the home of the Union Parliament. Its members, many having high-sounding titles to their names, meet annually to enact laws and transact the business of this United States, Jr. This new nation was born Nov. 4, 1910, and was duly christened "The Union of South Africa," or, as it is more often termed, United South Africa.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN, AFRICA

The new U. S. A. is composed of four states with a total area of 466,689 square miles, more than one-third the size of our own United States. It is divided as follows: Cape Colony, 280,000 square miles, Orange Free State, 43,300; the Transvaal, 112,139, and Natal, including Zululand, 26,200 square miles. Southern Rhodesia is knocking at the door for admission to the Union with her 144,000 square miles of the richest grazing lands that the sun shines on. Here also are the majestic Victoria Falls with nothing to equal them in volume and depth in the world, and the mighty Zambesi river, upon which a high price will have to be set as a premium when the great real estate deal is finally passed upon. Basutoland will follow in the procession with 10,253 square miles.

A little over eleven years ago a bitter war was raging between Boer and Briton which cost over \$800,000,000 and 105,000 lives. What would the two giants in intellect and power, Oom

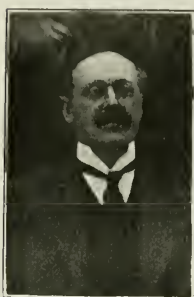
Paul Kruger and Cecil Rhodes say if they could gaze on the things that are transpiring today in this new nation?

Now for the terms upon which the fledgling was admitted, under the banner of King George V: (1st) The executive government of United South Africa is vested in the king, and shall be administered by His Majesty in person or by a Governor-General as his representative, appointed by the king during his pleasure, but subject to the act, with such powers and functions as his majesty may be pleased to assign him. The Governor-General is paid a salary of \$50,000 a year out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the Union. (2nd) Each former Colony to become a self-governing state of the Union, though absolute veto power shall rest with the Governor-General in all matters of interest between two states or more. (3rd) Each state to be governed by an elective council, its membership to correspond exactly with its state representation in the lower house of the Union Parliament. (4th) The Union to assume responsibility for the debts of the colonies: also to acquire full rights to all colonial property. (5th) The Union Parliament to be composed of two houses, a senate of forty members, eight to be elected by each state and eight to be appointed by the Governor-General. The House or Assembly to consist of 124 members, a plan of proportional representation giving 54 seats to Cape Colony, 36 to the Transvaal, and 17 each to Natal and the Orange Free State.

To pacify the Boers, the English and Dutch languages are to be held as on a full and complete equality. To further please both factions, a dual capital was mutually agreed upon, Cape Town, Cape Colony, to be the legislative capital, and the executive capital to be the typical Dutch city, Pretoria, in the Transvaal.

The Duke of Connaught, uncle to King George V., opened the first parliament of the new-born state. The man at the helm to steer the ship of state is Viscount Herbert John Gladstone, third son of England's "grand old man." It was a critical period in the history of United South Africa, and many statesmen of Great Britain, also of the Colonies, shook their wise heads when the appointment was made. Mr. Gladstone was Home Secretary at the time. His tenure of that cabinet position was five years.

Lord Gladstone arrived in Cape Town on May 17, 1910. The Union was proclaimed on May 31, the rejoicings with which its inauguration would have been hailed being unfortunately abandoned



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LORD GLADSTONE.

owing to the death of King Edward who, though he lived to see the practical consummation of Union, was called away before its final inauguration. May 31 is celebrated as Union day, and the same spirit is manifested as on our own Fourth of July, the glorious day of independence under the Stars and Stripes. The Governor-General was a worker, patterned after his noble sire, and was known to be optimistic over the Union of South Africa. His power of grasping the situation was indeed as wonderful as the way peace was pronounced after battle, and perfect order brought out of chaos. The Viscount knew there were two bitter factions to be reckoned with, and, like the compromise that was unique as a pacifier of having two capitals in which to direct the affairs of state, so it was necessary to have the Boer leader and warrior second in command. His first official act was to select General Louis Botha as Premier with instructions to form the cabinet. The Dutch people were delighted with the call of their leader to be Prime Minister and Minister of Agriculture.

Rt. Hon. General Louis Botha was born at Greytown, Natal, exactly fifty years ago. He went with his parents when quite young to the Orange Free State, and afterwards to Vryheid. He held various government posts under the late Z. A. R. government, joined General Lucas Meyers' commando, and when General Johnert died he was made Commander-General of the Transvaal forces which he continued to lead until the conclusion of peace. As Prime Minister of the Transvaal, he ably represented that Colony at the conference of Colonial Premiers, in London, May, 1907; was also a member of the South African Convention, sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament. In selecting his cabinet, General Botha proved himself, first, to be a statesman, and a party leader afterwards. For minister of the interior he called General J. C. Smuts, formerly colonial secretary of the Transvaal; J. W. Sauer for minister of railways and harbors, formerly

commissioner of public works, Cape Colony; F. S. Malan, minister of education, formerly secretary of agriculture, Natal; and H. C. Hull, minister of finance, formerly treasurer of the Transvaal. General Botha's judgment has been confirmed in his selection of the remainder of his official family, for they proved to be a strong, well balanced ministry.

There are many big questions before the Parliament, which was in session in May for the year 1912, among them being "The Emigration Bill," Defense and Militia Bill, Finance and Fencing Bill, and, most serious of all to legislate upon, the perplexing "colored problem." There is also much constructive development work. Perhaps the most surprising feature is that, though for fifty years a cherished idea from time to time hindered and checked, the necessary work in the interest of a firm and stable government is now being accomplished with almost startling rapidity. One great lesson stands out from the record; union was only realized, at last, and could only be realized, by the cordial and honest co-operation of both races; so also by the same spirit can its success be assured. The immense responsibility of making it a success rests upon the people themselves, and it will be the earnest hope of all who are interested in this country, and who realize its marvelous possibilities, that this responsibility will be faithfully and solemnly recognized. As with our own United States, some of the best blood was required to be shed, family ties were to be severed, and much treasure lost. The critical moment has passed, darkness has changed to the brightest dawn, and Union Day may well be pro-



RIGHT HON. GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
Prime Minister of South Africa.

claimed with joy; and what only a few years ago was anticipation is now a happy realization.

Now for some of the resources and the population of this new U. S. A. In four states, at the last census, 1911, the total population, all races, is given at 5,958,499, as against 5,175,824 in 1904, an increase of 782,675 or 15.12 per cent. The total is divided among the different states as follows: Cape Colony, 2,563,024; Natal, 1,191,958; Transvaal, 1,676,611; Orange Free State, 526,906.

Race classification: The population of the Union is divided into European, or white, natives, and all other colored races. These figures plainly show the mighty "color problem" that the new government has to solve: Europeans, 1,278,025; natives, 4,061,082; other colored races, 619,392.

Since the census of 1904, Europeans increased by 14.44 per cent; natives, 16.19 per cent; all other colored races, 9.84 per cent. The paramount industry is mining. During the last five years the mineral output was made up as follows: Mineral total: gold, £258,088,168; diamonds, £132,814,309; coal, £19,713,858; tin, £415,007; copper, £7,546,535; all other minerals, £3,411,944.

The above figures, changed into good American dollars, total the colossal sum of \$2,059,951,140. The labor employed to dig this amount of treasure from the bowels of the earth were:

	White	Colored	Total
Rand gold mines	24,342	181,707	206,049
Other gold mines	1,034	10,077	11,111
Coal mines	493	8,981	9,474
Diamond mines	767	9,952	10,719
Base minerals	255	2,626	2,881
Miscellaneous	299	2,524	2,823
	<hr/> 27,190	<hr/> 215,867	<hr/> 243,057

The pastoral districts in Cape Colony, one of the largest states, own livestock to the value of \$225,800,000; in numbers: sheep (wooled), 11,415,995; sheep (cross-bred), 6,336,849; goats (angora), 3,122,093; cattle, 1,949,390; horses, 255,060; mules and donkeys, 164,903; pigs, 463,312; ostriches, 412,641.

Grains show good returns, with still greater prospects if emigration is encouraged, so that the vast area of splendid farming lands now lying idle could be cultivated. Fruit is grown in abundance almost the year round. Tea, coffee, tobacco, and sugar

cane yield a good profit, the soil and climate are especially adapted for growing them, in Natal.

The wealth of United South Africa may be fairly judged by her bank statements. The Standard is doing a business of \$150,000,000 per annum, on a capital of \$8,000,000, with deposits averaging \$100,000,000, and annual profits approximating \$600,000. This financial institution will average a 16 per cent yearly dividend. The Bank of Africa, with \$35,000,000 ore deposit, has also done well; its securities paid 13 per cent last year. The Natal Bank, doing business chiefly in that state and the Transvaal, and with \$20,000,000 of deposits, on a \$2,500,000 capital, ran a close third, paying 12 per cent on its stock. The National Bank of South Africa is paying 8 per cent on its stock, and the African Banking Corporation only 6. The aggregate deposits of these last two reach \$60,000,000.

The government has savings banks in nearly every post office, which pay a 4 per cent annual interest. The depositors are only allowed to bank not over \$500 per annum. All amounts over must be converted into government bonds which pay 3 per cent.

The great British empire has paid the price for United South Africa. In looking over the inventory, it will be found a mixed one of good and evil. The liabilities in the assignment were nine fierce Kaffir wars, besides numerous fights with the Zulus and other minor tribes; and two costly and humiliating campaigns with sturdy men known as Boers. Had the world known them by the name it implies, "farmers," sentiment might have reached such a pitch that the result might have been that there would be a different tale to tell. The worst problem of the future to solve will be the black and mixed race question. The more it is stirred, the darker it frowns. We may ask in all sincerity, will this new U. S. A. make history repeat itself like its older namesake, by the baptism of blood?

Great Britain's assets, if they may so be termed, are the greatest diamond mines in the world, the wealthiest gold mines, some of the finest grazing lands, and resources too numerous to mention.

Let us hope this new nation has entered upon a lasting era of peace and prosperity, with equal rights and equal duties for all men who honor and obey the laws of the land.

WOODSTOCK, CAPE COLONY, UNITED SOUTH AFRICA

Little Problems of Married Life.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

XV—Throwing Overboard the Old Friends

In that famous journey of Jonah the prophet, from Joppa to Tarshish, nearly three thousand years ago, when the wind and the tempest rose, and the great waves washing over the little craft threatened to submerge it, they threw Jonah overboard that the lightened ship might ride easier in waters smoothed into peace and tranquility. In this twentieth century, the old time friends of the husband are often similarly cast overboard from the ship of matrimony that its burden may be lightened and the waves of home discord may be stilled.

The direct, primitive simplicity of the Jonah incident is rarely followed today. It is usually accomplished by tact and tactics, by seeming innocent comments and criticisms, by delicate diplomacy, by placing the friend in an exposed position which makes it seem that he merely *fell* overboard. It is the final result of gentle, gradual pushes instead of one bold, fearless toss.

When a girl marries she does not feel that the curtain has been rung down on the nearest and best in her old life. Her girl friends do not give her up for lost and feel that she has passed forever out of their love, sympathy, regard and companionship. Her life has but broadened; they will visit her and she them as of old; they will take interest in her new world and she will retain as best she can the threads of the old relationships.

The husband usually is honestly glad that her days alone may be brightened a little by these friends, that she is getting out of life all the happiness that she can. Of course, he has very little appreciation of her old admirers; her fervor of approval of their good points seems to be more sentimental than judicial; he cannot imagine what she can possibly have ever seen in A, or B, or the others down the alphabet of her men friends. Wild enthusiasm

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over them is hardly to be expected, but for her woman friends, except when they camp round the house at all hours and make it impossible for him to have a quiet talk alone with her, he is usually complaisantly tolerant if not cordially encouraging. He does not always receive similar courtesy and consideration.

When a man marries, even his truest, worthiest and best friends, those who have been close to him, who have been his confidants, his chums and his comrades, feel with sadness that it has now come to the parting of the ways. They bid him good-bye, in spirit if not in words, as though he were going to some island in the South Seas and they might never see him again. It is not the natural drifting apart that comes from his absorption in his home, with new duties and responsibilities that they fear; it is that they will be disqualified by his wife—and that her secret influence will be turned against them. Of course they do not think she is just the one they would have picked out for him, for a man rarely does approve of his friend's wife as quite good enough for him, but they are willing to be magnanimous, and let loyalty and charity wipe away prejudice, and even believe that she is the 'wonder' her husband declares.

If she be wise, for her own sake and that of her husband, she will try to make them her friends, too, and guard carefully against their even being washed overboard, much less being thrown ruthlessly into a sea of forgetfulness. If they already happen to be her friends as well, they usually will be admitted into the home on her ticket and have a comfortable orchestra chair, but often, when it is otherwise, the husband alone can issue but a pass entitling the bearer to standing room only.

There are some wives who show a strange jealousy in trifles. They have a hunger for allness; they are not satisfied with being merely supreme, and first and best and most—they want to be "only." They are not content with being the sun of his life; they want to be the sun and all the constellations too. They want to corner his emotional output and control the entire market. They often seem to consider his affection, regard, esteem, liking and favor as his emotional cash and that if he spends the least bit of it elsewhere it is taking just so much from them. Their constant fear of competition is a poor tribute to their own powers.

When a man first tells his sweetheart or his wife about his

best friend, in his loyalty, generous pride, and confidence that he is speaking to welcoming ears, he may boom him unduly. Soon he may become conscious in a vague way that the audience is a bit cool and unenthusiastic, his words do not seem to carry over the footlights and the applause is faint and perfunctory. When he tells of the time when they roomed together at college and pledged eternal friendship, it seems to her just a bit young and sentimental. When his voice trembles a little at the episode of the mining camp when his friend nursed him through the fever she says: "Never mind, dear, now you won't need him, you have me to take care of you."

The recital of a story of his friend's sense of humor does not appeal to her; it is weighed in the balance and found wanting. Every good point she discounts in a quiet, illusive way he feels but cannot combat; every virtue is shown to have some failing wrapped up in the seams. When he is most interested in impressing her she looks way off into the distance or flags his train of thought at the way-station of some commonplace observation that shows she has only been half listening as she interrupts to point out the funny shade of a cloud or to ask him if he does not think old-rose sash-curtains are beautiful.

When he invites his friend to dinner at their house for the first time he is filled with a boyish delight—and overanxious that it will be a success. He is proud of his home and wants to have it admired; he is proud of his wife and proud of his friend and wants them really to like each other. She is pleasant but just a little more dignified than is absolutely necessary; there is a slight air of constraint; talk does not flow freely. The fountain of his friend's wit throws only a timid, tentative spray occasionally and causes only the faintest splash of a half smile. After the coffee things brighten up a little and over the cigars the two talk over old times but—it is not a real trio. When good-night time comes and he goes to the door and helps his friend on with his coat, and they stand on the steps a few minutes, look up at the stars and discuss the weather prospects, there seems a note missing in the music. Both are conscious of it.

When he hurries back to the dining-room, where they have tarried because it seemed more comfortable, to hear the verdict of the jury of one, he is disappointed even though he feared it was

prejudiced. The first remark "Hasn't he large hands?" does not seem really vital but it is significant. He does get credit for dressing well but as this was to be expected, it does not count. He laughs too loudly; he seems conceited; he mispronounced four words; he called her husband by some flippant nickname; he has such strange views of religion, she is sure he is an atheist; there must be something wrong with his family, he never mentioned any of them; she would wager anything there is a cruel streak in him for she could tell it by the expression of his mouth. She seems to have a certain pleasure in checking off the items, seemingly unconscious of the pain she is giving. In her prejudiced mood even St. Paul would be disqualified had he come in as a friend upon whom the husband depended for affection, counsel and comradeship.

In the days that follow the resentful rebellion stimulated by the defense and protest helps her to find new flaws and defects, and the never failing trickle of comment and criticism may begin to wear away a rock of friendship. The friend's visits become shorter as the interval between them grows longer and then cease. The husband occasionally meets him down-town and he chafes at the thought that he is not treating him squarely; it seems disloyal, but he cannot see how to change it. He frets at the curtailment of his freedom; he does not speak of the meeting at home. He knows that if he should speak it would mean a fusillade of questions, not of real interest but of curiosity, the instinct of being on guard like a sentry whose duty it is to challenge. He does not care to invite the inquisition. It is sad when a wife, even through overzealous loving, closes with her own hand the door of her husband's confidence; it may rust on its hinges and become difficult to reopen.

Other friends of his may be dropped overboard in many ways and for many excuses but with the same real reason. One may borrow money, another may have bad table manners which her comments convert into almost a crime, a third is not tolerated because of his wife, and so the catalogue of extinguishing the lights of friendship runs on until all the old ones are snuffed into darkness and forgetfulness. The friends then are the new ones they have made together since their marriage and her old friends that are new to him. They are those that have not weathered the

storms and trials of life and been tested and found staunch and true.

The old friendships carry with them a sentiment deep-rooted in the past, a sweetness, a tenderness, a loyalty, a communion of memories and experiences that cannot be duplicated in after life. They are like old books that we have loved for years. The binding is worn and smoothed by our hands and by dear hands now stilled forever; the inscription with the date is growing fainter for the eyes to decipher but easier for the heart to read; there are passages that helped and inspired us still loyally retaining our pencilled lines so we could turn to them in perfect confidence whenever we desire.

There is the thumb-mark that floods memory with a glow of hallowed golden light, for only we know what it means. There is the turned down page it would seem irreverence to fold back; there are dim, dried brown tints on the margins that somehow suggest the autumn of our years; there is the fern-leaf slipped in that night we shall never forget while a smile is still left in the heart, and the narrow ribbon book-mark is faded and crinkled. And the whole book is dear to us and we love it and we trust it. It has an honest feel as we open it and it speaks the same old words just in the same old way with no slightest change through all the years. The new editions in green and gold are beautiful but they seem so self-conscious and assertive; they look new and they smell new and they seem untried, untested, unproved.

So it is with the old friends and the new. The new friends come in on a different basis; we do not commonly call them by their first names; they have not been mellowed by the years; there is no poetry of sorrows outlived together or of joys shared together, no romance of the recalling of old ideals, struggles, efforts, memories and hopes. Breaking the ties of seasoned friendships is not fortifying the wife in her position or intensifying, in the least, his love for her.

If the friends be objectionable in themselves and reveal a weakening influence over him, then is she justified in exercising her wisdom in saving him from them, but they should not be sacrificed by her on the altar of her vanity and her selfish love, her desire to be omnipotent. She should realize that the same spirit of loyalty that makes a man wish to keep real and living the old friendships,

the constancy, the unchanging devotion, the singleness of heart and purpose is likely to keep him truer and more steadfast as a husband. She should safeguard his real friends as though they were her own and they should be welcomed to the home.

She should feel their union must add to the possibilities and powers of his living, not subtract. She should determine that he shall, because of her, lose nothing of the sweetness, strength, sentiment and satisfaction of life that does not detract from her rights, her absoluteness, her dignity and her peace of mind. Throwing overboard the old friends may prove unwise policy in the voyage of the ship of matrimony. The wife who determines to secure monopoly of one, will finally get only—monotony for two.

[“The Spectre of Constant Jealousy” will be discussed in the next chapter.]

Thanksgiving.

We thank thee, Lord, for every sun
That rises o'er the hill;
And when his pilgrimage is done
At night, we thank thee still.

On meadow, hill, and silver lake,
Thy touch is so sublime,
It makes our very souls awake
To thank thee all the time.

We thank thee for our peaceful homes,
And far-extending crops;
Our commonwealth of towers and domes
Among the mountain tops.

We thank thee for the light that breaks
Upon the paths of men;
For every nation slowly wakes
To follow thee again.

THEODORE E. CURTIS



Chapter IV—Green-water Trail

If in all the world there had been no such person as Soorowits, Pagahrit would still have been an offensive place to Ben Rojer. When to this offensiveness was added the rank possibility of meeting the old Pahute on one of those lonely trails, the coming fall round-up became a source of fear and dread to the youthful cowboy.

There was no way out of it, however; he must go, and the day for starting arrived all too soon, when the melons and grapes had not yet gone, and the mist of Indian-summer hung lightly on the distant hillsides.

He had formed the habit, when leaving home, of looking longingly back, till every roof and tree of town sank behind the hills or faded in the distance. Now he looked back with new heaviness in his youthful heart, and the echo of Soorowits' curses still playing on his nerves.

Often in the quiet night, while the outfit camped in the shades of the cedar forest, some shape or trace of the evil face came into Ben's dreams, and he started up in the midnight to descry the peaceful camp, and hear the honest bark of old Bowse defying the noisy coyote of the ominous solitude. Often, too, when he had emerged from the cedars, a tree or bush or stone seemed to take familiar shape and crouch by the trail in cat-like ambush.

It was a dry year. Beyond the Ridge the country, parched and desolate, reflected the dazzling light like a bare stone. Bowse looked faithfully out of a thick coat of dust, and his thin red tongue hung limply over one side of his ever-open mouth.

The outfit moved into Green-water, late one afternoon, and every man, horse and dog put his parched lips to the water in feverish eagerness. Besides being "dead" tired, and ravenously hungry, they were all half-cooked by the heated sands over which

they had come. Castle Gulch was bare as your hand—not a snoot-ful of horse-feed in its whole length. Excepting the mourning doves, mourning on the bald shelves of the cliffs, and the gold-collared lizards, looking wisely from some narrow strip of shade, no animal tried to live in the place.

The packs held food for the men and the dog, and grain for the horses, but the latter must have provender to go with the grain. What should be done? The nearest likely place of grass ahead was Castle Hill, seven miles away.

To Castle Hill Fred Rojer and Jud decided they ought to go, but Josh objected. For some incomprehensible reason, alleged to be clear to his own glutinous brain, he blamed the outfit for his hunger and weariness, and insisted that they camp where they stood. Jud positively refused to let his horses starve there all night, and the fat man raised his eyes to the cliff and discovered dry bunch grass on the brow high above them. "What's the matter of taking the horses up there?" he demanded in his overbearing tone.

They told him there was no safe trail, and he plunged off over the sand-hills to see. Jud followed. The father and son and horses waited under the huge cottonwood, and fought flies half an hour, before the two returned from prospecting the cliff below that miserably dry bunch grass.

"There's big feed on top," Josh began, "and I believe that by leading 'em, we kin git the whole works up there."

"The feed's good, all right enough," added he of the buck-skin shirt, "but I doubt the wisdom of trying to git the horses to it."

It was risky business—at least Ben thought so, from the look on his father's face, but Widder insisted and blamed and protested in his swaggering, thick-nosed way, till all objections were overruled, or overridden, or gagged, and the process of unpacking began.

Ben could see no trail up the shattered face of the cliff; and, weary of looking for one, he turned to the dapper feet of his yellow pony—feet hard and tough, but without shoes. Fresh from the hills of the tall timber, the whole mount was fat and slick, despite the dry dust and lather of the last few days; yet no horse in the outfit had a more shapely, arched neck, nor sweeter disposition along with the speed and action of the little buckskin.

Young Rojer heard a melancholy note in the swing of Widder's lariat, as that victorious abnormality helped Jud shove the horses out of camp and off towards the cliff. That melancholy note, audible to none but Ben, came exactly like scores of others had come since the affair with Soorowits at the funeral cave; for since then everything boded evil—a thousand disasters had come

in all respects but the reality. This constant dread and apprehension was becoming an old and tiresome story, and, closing his mind to it, young Rojer set his tired self to work. He carried wood and water, and began instinctively to rejoice over the welcome smell of a little flame that crackled and shot straight upward through a pile of dry sticks, when Jud's voice rang out from the cliff. Father and son started up at once, and Bowse, who had been waiting for his supper, followed them out of camp.

The cliff stood up, neither perpendicular nor smooth, with its surface in seams and cracks and shelves, from top to bottom; that much could be seen from the first hill near camp. The two approached somewhat nearer, however, before they discovered a wide path of dust and hair, running straight from the cliff's brow into a sand-wash at its base.

"That means a dead horse," said Fred Rojer, and each quickened his steps. Bowse bounded ahead and leaped from the bank with such violence as almost to frighten Josh and Jud from the lift they were making. The dog sniffed at the horse's nose and the pool of blood in the sand, and began to whine and hurry around. It was Stripes. They succeeded in raising him on his front feet, so that he saw and neighed to Ben as he slipped down the bank. He even reached his expressive little nose for Ben's extending hands, as if to plead for relief from pain which brought out the glistening beads of sweat below his kind and grief-wink-eye. Whether our thick-nosed friend felt any sympathy or any shame, as those loving boyish arms went around the shapely buckskin neck, he yet had the sense to keep still.

"It's no use, son," concluded Fred Rojer, after taking account of the situation, "you better take the dog and go to camp."

The dog put up a stout objection to going, and went only when he was commanded, looking whiningly and regretfully back at the sufferer in the wash. Ben coaxed and coerced his shaggy friend, till they passed camp and hurried on up the gulch. When



"THE CLIFF STOOD UP, NEITHER PERPENDICULAR NOR SMOOTH"

the murderous boom of Widder's lumbering revolver told them what befel the buckskin pony. Bowse began his whining afresh, as if he understood all about it, and probably would have run back if two grimy hands had not held him by the hairy coat. Those two hands clasped around his neck while the big, clear drops ran down their owner's brown face.

When young Rojer came to camp and tied his dog to a tree, the three men sat by the fire discussing the fall of the unfortunate pony. Josh declared loudly that it was no fault of his—that if Jud had done thus and so, there would have been no trouble. Jud simply assured Fred Rojer and his son that he was not to blame, and then he held his tongue a half-hour while our thick-nosed friend saddled all responsibility on anyone and everyone but his own dear, bloated self. He roundly censured Ben and his father for not having the horse shod, and he knew no one else on earth would have acted so stupidly as Jud. He even declared the pony “a absolute fool over that —— dog,” and affirmed that the desire to stay with Bowse had prompted the little buckskin to let go all holds and come tumbling back down the cliff. He ended his tirade by swearing he would assume no blame whatever.

During this down-pour of bilious philosophy, Ben sat like a smoking bomb-shell, which surely would have exploded but for the warning frown of Fred Rojer.

Josh may have run down like a clock, or it may be that from somewhere in his congested anatomy, a sentiment akin to shame put its disgusted hands on the cords of his voice box. At all events, when he had been the sole speaker a long time, he drew his rancid remarks to a fitful, muttering close, and the place became remarkably still. They made their beds and retired in silence.

For three long hours the camp gave no sonorous evidence of sleep. There may have been one or two light cases under that cottonwood, but not a wink of it came to Ben. He saw his buckskin pet in a bloody, lifeless heap at the foot of the cliff,—he heard again the brainless tirade to which they had listened, and he shifted himself in sorrow and anger on his pillow.

“Don't worry about the pony, son,” whispered his father, soothingly; “we will get along all right. You may have Flossy.”

Young Rojer whispered his hearty thanks for the pacing mare, and then added, “I sure hate to lose Stripes, but I hate worse still to be around Josh.”

With the outfit ready to start next morning, Bowse was loosed from the tree. Instead of following, however, he bounded away over the sand-hills, and in ten seconds, a long, mournful howl pierced the silence of Castle Gulch. Ben found him on his haunches by the mangled mustang's head, his nose straight up, and giving vent to his affliction in the drawn-out, mournful wail

of a lost dog. That wail found ready response in the boyish heart of young Rojer, and while he stooped to tie a rope around the shaggy neck, his glance fell on the sunken, sightless eyes of the pony, and tears chased each other down his nose. He led Bowse up out of the wash, nor ventured to remove the rope till they had passed Castle Hill. The old dog trotted dejectedly along without a protest, though sometimes he tried to look back, and Ben stopped to afford him that privilege.

Josh rode ahead, or behind, or off to one side, after the manner of his bilious habit, and for a week he sulked and growled as if all the vile sediment at the bottom of his disposition had been terribly roiled. When he spoke, it was with an injured or an abusive air, though he told Pancho a great deal which he wished the outfit to hear and they heard it. He hated the dog, and naturally enough his hate begat hate, though he seemed to think it should beget love. But gradually he condescended to ride within speaking distance again, and when the round-up was half finished, he had thawed out enough to sing about the meat and corn-dodgers, and to "blow" about his deeds of daring with rope and gun. He also resumed his old habit of making an indiscriminate roast of individuals not present to defend themselves.

With the first opportunity, after making camp at Pagahrit, Ben repaired to his cave; he looked at the date on the wall, made a notch below it, and pondered over all that had happened since the previous spring. He thought of Stripes and Soorowits and Josh,—of Peavine Flats and the pine-hens and squirrels. Bowse thought, too, while his devoted dog-eyes searched his master's face; and he cocked one ear in that peculiarly reflective mood, characteristic of something half human in the dog family.

A strange, sweet peace seemed to inhabit this dry cavern, and a strange sanctity hovered over the stones where Ben had prayed, as if they were altars in a house of worship. Also it was secluded and still, and at times the soft murmur of the wind half framed itself into words; those words spoke of comfort, and cheer, and hope, of a fanciful world too blissful to be a reality. They pleaded the cause of Josh Widder, they exalted Ben's father on high, and sanctified the hunger and thirst and misery of this weary land.

When the heat dances, spirit-like, on the sandhills of Pagahrit, a man with even small imagination might think himself looking at a legion of spectral beings peculiar to the bald rock-knolls and thirsty stretches of that wilderness. Then when those heat-legions conspire with a rock, or tree, or bush, to represent a man, and that man moves back and forth and up and down—when he peeps, again and again, from behind some ledge, the deception is almost complete.

To young Rojer's mind of fear and fancy, these spectral men sometimes became wonderfully real—so real, in fact, that Sooro-

wits' black braids of hair hung from under their slouch Pahute hats, and they wore the same greasy remnants of shirt and overalls which had figured so conspicuously at Toorah's funeral cave.

But while the slip of a boy, on Flossy, was seeing Soorowits in every maze of heat that made the trees and rocks to rise up and shake themselves, Fred Rojer read the traces of alarm in the youthful countenance, and knew what a rousing jolt the childish nerves had suffered. He saw the distressing lines of dread in the little brown face, he saw the sore and sunburnt lips, he saw the marks of thirst and fatigue in the pinched features, and resolved that Ben should not be left alone.

When blistered hills of sand and rock hemmed these two about, in a hot, dry solitude by themselves—when they followed the zig-zag course of tracks indefinitely old, when they pursued a fleeing bunch, full tilt, across the country, or toiled wearily along behind the sleepy herd, the chief care of the bearded man was the safety and welfare of the slender boy. Ben saw this kind solicitude in his father's eye, he heard it in his father's voice, and in his homesick and fear-burdened soul, a warm love sprang up and hallowed the loneliness of the rock-ribbed waste.

To the great arms of his compassionate attention, Fred Rojer took the apprehensive boy; he spoke the tender emotions of endearment which form the strongest tie between soul and soul. The flame-like ardor of his fatherly love, was not left a flickering prey to the hardships of their poverty, but he told it to Ben; and in telling it he gave it all the warmth of feeling its goodness inspired.

To the sore-lipped, sun-burnt being of young Rojer, these words and feelings became a clear spring in a dry wilderness. The assurance that his growth and achievement of vigorous manhood ranked high among the objects of all this toil and torment, inspired him with energy and courage, not only to a life more manly, in general, but to a special effort to lighten his father's dull burden of debts and poverty.

Besides the gracious agency of Fred Rojer's speech, he seemed unconsciously to live in the spirit of a certain hymn, whose tune and words flowed over his lips, as from the abundance of that sentiment within. And all unconsciously, too, Ben heard it, and drank copiously of its influence—and unconsciously he sang it, or as much as he could remember:

“Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Heaven's infinite expanse,
Sea's resplendent countenance:
All around and all above,
Bear this record, God is love.”

“Don't feel hard towards Josh,” the father would say, when

their conversation drifted in that direction. "When you are older you'll see why I don't get angry and quarrel with him. Men blame me for being so mild, but I want you to be wiser than they, and see why he's more an object of pity than of hatred."

It is impracticable to portray every phase of cowboy life at Pagahrit; and to relate the whole story of Ben's adventures, in that land, would take as long as it took him to live them. We may glance at a few incidents relating to this story, but the haste and hurry, the excitement and perspiration, the toil, the thirst, the long-drawn days, and extended nights, may never be known but to those who pass through them for themselves.

That round-up, like others of its kind, came slowly and laboriously to a finish, with the forest of the Cedar Ridge, and the alkali flats of Comb Wash, along in the ragged and bitter end thereof.

On this round-up, as on many another, Jud was "up an' a-comin'," to the last day. He waded straight into every ugly situation, never losing the wide-mouthed smile, nor that heavy-jaw-bone persistency which always made a point or "busted" something. He had a way of doing things to a liberal finish in the minimum of time, and then straightening himself over them in an attitude of "trot-out-the-next." Whether riding a rip-snorting broncho, or stirring pulverized "jerky" into the "slick-um" for breakfast, it was ever the same: he mixed in the "tuck" (took) and "put," and "sich," of his rough-and-ready grammar, and the waving fringe of his buckskin shirt left no doubt that he was "there with the goods."

That buckskin shirt, and those heavy denims overalls formed an up-and-at-it combination which went at a brisk clip to the last panting finality of every hard task they found to do. Whether he swung the ax with an echoing whack in a cottonwood grove, or struggled with some lusty calf in the dust and manure of a branding corral; whether he "looped the loop" on one of his cantankerous bays or buckskins, or hung to a bull's tail to keep from being gored, he was still the same good-natured, commonsensed, heavy-jaw-boned Jud Hiles, who had the mildness to make friends, and the firmness and fidelity to keep them forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Department of Vocation and Industry

BY B. H. ROBERTS

III—Vocations and Avocations

The words vocation and avocation are quite often confounded, as meaning one and the same thing. There is, however, an important distinction. Vocation as related to industrial thought is the trade, business or profession that one ordinarily follows, and by which he earns his living. Avocation is what one engages in as a sort of side issue to his vocation, usually prompted by a natural taste for it or an inclination to follow it; it is one's industrial diversion or pleasure. As, for example, one may be a carpenter in daily vocation, but in a limited way, he may cultivate flowers, either to beautify his home, or for the pleasure he finds the study of plant life; or, favorable circumstances granted, such as possessing a small plot of ground, he may raise flowers for the market and thus gratify his natural tastes, and at the same time add to his earnings. In like manner the school teacher, while following his profession as his vocation, in his outdoor hours may engage in raising poultry either for the pleasure or the profit he finds in it.

It often happens that by coupling an *avocation* with a *vocation* the avocation so develops that it becomes the vocation. A notable example of this is found in the experience of Salt Lake City's present sexton. His vocation for very many years was that of a barber, in one of the busy sections of the city; he was also one of the proprietors of the establishment in which he followed his vocation. Having a natural taste for floral culture he followed it quite assiduously, surrounded his cottage home with flowers, entered into competition for the most beautiful door yards, back or front, competition encouraged by an association of the city by the giving of a number of graded prizes to the successful competitor. I do not know if he was successful or not in these competitions, but his success and his taste in floral culture and arrangement of flower-beds—amounting to landscape gardening on a small scale—attracted attention, and finally resulted in his appointment to the position of city sexton, charged with the duty of the care and beautifying of the grounds where sleep the dead of our city. Thus his avocation was converted into a vocation, both to his profit and pleasure and enlarged usefulness. This case is not singular, it is

something that happens quite frequently in the fields of vocation and avocation.

The suggestion to be made here is that men, especially young men, should not be content with merely following a vocation. A man should really be something more than a brick mason, a carpenter, a civil engineer, or a lawyer. While ours is an age of specialization, and such the stress of competition in the industrial sphere, and such the demand for high skill in every department of industrial activity, that one may hope to succeed supremely only in some *one* vocation, yet life for any man would be too intolerably narrow if all his activities in life were confined to the interests of his trade, business, profession—his one vocation, in fact. We urge young men to couple with their vocations *avocations*. It may be that force of circumstances, environment, has been the determining factor in pushing one into his vocation, and deliberate, free choice, according to one's tastes or aptness for the calling he makes his vocation, may have had little or nothing to do with it; yet he must needs go on with it, for usually he finds it difficult, if not impossible, to change his trade or profession midway in his career. But while circumstance and environment may take a large part in fixing one's vocation, that is not the case with his *avocation*. Here his tastes, natural inclination, aptness or ability to do things may have full sway and he may do things, or at least work at things he likes to do. He may be a barber; but in the early morning hours and in the evening he may be with the flowers or the poultry. One may be a bookkeeper and give the allotted hours to his accounts, but when the day's work is ended, the hours that remain may be employed in the musical studies he makes his avocation, acquiring some skill in an art he loves. The farmer plods home his weary way at the close of his day's uncongenial toil, but the prospect brightens as he remembers that he may soon be engaged in the pursuit of the studies he has made his avocation.

Life is too large and is too full of interest for any one to allow it to narrow down to merely keeping alive on the product of his daily labor. There is something more in life than merely life, there is living; and in this matter of living, the people of our country are peculiarly blessed with opportunity. Under the blessing of living in a free country, it is possible for every citizen to participate in the community life of his neighborhood, his village, town, city, county, state, and the nation. He may take an interest in the civic affairs of the immediate community where he resides, whether that community be a county precinct, a hamlet, or a town. He may stand for the betterment of conditions; for the reform of abuses; for the maintenance of civic righteousness. In all these things he freely unites with his fellow citizens, and exerts an influence in proportion to his intelligence, and the strength and up-

rightness of his character; and in this sphere of public service many men may find their *avocations*.

The Church, and here I am addressing myself to Latter-day Saints, and have in mind the Church of the Latter-day Saints,—the Church, I say, affords an equally attractive field for avocations. With a priesthood that practically admits to its membership in one or other of its many quorums, every male member of the Church, of good, moral character, from the age of twelve upward, it appoints service unto men in the community life at once the most important and uplifting, both for him who ministers and those to whom he ministers. His appointments in this priesthood commits him at once to all righteousness, to moral living, to the acquirement of spiritual powers, on his own part, and to helpfulness towards others. During the day he may be a plumber or a blacksmith, but on Monday night he may meet with his priesthood quorums considering the sublimest themes that concern man in his relationship to God and his duty towards man. During the day he may have been a sower of grain upon the waiting soil, or a salesman in a department store, annoyed by a thousand petty details, but in the evening, with a companion from some widely different vocation, he may be a visitor at the homes of people, a teacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, making plain some great truth by analysis of it, by exposition and application of that truth to human conduct. By wise counsels, and persuasive admonitions, he may be throwing restraining influences about one inclined to worldliness, perhaps to sin; or by loving patience and the teaching of truth he may be, all unconsciously to the object of his ministrations, leading one who has fallen, to a reconsideration of his course in life, to a readjustment of his attitude—in a word, to repentance.

Such service as this may become one's avocation in life in the Church of the Latter-day Saints, than which, it will go without saying, there is none more noble, or praiseworthy, or of better report. These matters may only be indicated here, they can neither be fully stated nor discussed at length, neither, perhaps, is that here necessary. But the point to be remembered is this—having in mind, however, what has been said in articles numbers I and II of this series, as well as this one: Let our youth, up to the very limits of possibility, be encouraged to choose vocations for which they have natural aptness, ability, taste, inclination and strength. Then let them be encouraged to couple with that vocation an *avocation* that shall broaden their lives, and increase their service capacity. Especially should they be encouraged to that community service, both civic and religious life, that will identify them with the "building" forces of the state and of the Church; with the forces that make for the betterment of earthly conditions through civic institutions, and

that make for both personal and community righteousness, through the institution God has ordained to that end—the Church. By the adoption of this course, no life need be spent wholly in mean and petty employments that pull down character to their level. However humble one's vocation may be, by which he earns his daily bread, by coupling therewith some avocation that is uplifting in its nature; that unites the common life with both a larger and a higher life, with the community life, the life of the neighborhood, or of the town, or city, or state, or nation; and that especially unites the common life of man through service with the achievement of God's purposes—the salvation of man—that is sufficient to ennoble the humblest life, and no man can be "abject and mean-spirited" while his community services employ him in pursuits so honorable and glorious.

On February 9, 1907, the first elders landed in West Australia—Charles M. Shaw and Clarence M. Baker. They encountered much



opposition, but today we have a nicely organized branch with twenty-eight members. Four local brethren hold the Priesthood. We hold Sunday School and M. I. A. meetings, two street meetings and two hall meetings, each week. The Saints are good workers, and we have many friends and investigators among rich and poor. Prejudice is broken down and investigation is taking its place. Elders Oscar C. Yorgensen and John W. Fullmer have just returned from a country trip in which they traveled 650 miles by bicycle, visiting all the towns and villages between Perth and Albany. They held eleven street meetings, distributed fifteen

Books of Mormon, 526 copies of "Durant," and other books, left 4,837 tracts with the people, and visited 1,796 homes. Many friends were made who urged the elders to call again. The elders in the picture are: John W. Fullmer, Abraham, Utah; Oscar C. Yorgensen, Shelley, Idaho; George A. Wilson, Salt Lake City; in front: John E. Gleave, conference president, Annabella, Utah. It is 3,000 miles from Perth to Sydney, and about 13,000 miles from Salt Lake City.—John E. Gleave.

Editor's Table

The Mexican Colonists Released

At the general semi-annual conference of the Church, President Joseph F. Smith, in his opening address, which will later be published in full in the ERA, dwelt largely upon the condition of the Saints of the Mexican colonies. He spoke in strong terms against the bandits who had driven them from their homes, and in telling language recounted the suffering and loss which the Saints had endured in their exile, also of the anxiety that the authorities of the Church had undergone owing to the troubles which had come upon them. He also expressed thanks to the executive officers of our own country for the help rendered by our government to the exiled people, and also to all who had aided, particularly to the people of El Paso and others along the border, and to private persons who had given means, sympathy and care. Under present conditions, he thought it unwise that our people should return to the troubled land; and inasmuch as the colonies had been founded under the call, sanction and direction of the authorities, he thought it wise now to release the settlers from any obligation to stay longer, and he did so release them from all further duty in the matter.

On October 11, the First Presidency issued the following advice to the Saints of Mexico:

"To Our Brethren and Sisters of Mexico, Greeting:—After a conference with Elders A. W. Ivins, President Junius Romney, Bishop Allen D. Thurber of Dublan, Bishop Joseph C. Bentley, of Juarez, and his counselor, Thomas Romney, and others, at which members of the Quorum of the Twelve were present, including President Francis M. Lyman, which conference was convened for the purpose of considering the conditions now confronting our Mexican colonists, as a result of the revolution still being carried on in Mexico, we have concluded to advise:

"First: That the Juarez Stake and Ward officers and members, one and all, may consider themselves honorably released from any further sense of duty to return to or remain in Mexico. But the right

and title to the property temporarily vacated should in all cases, and by every lawful means, be maintained.

"Second: That all those who wish to permanently remain in the United States should take immediate steps, with the aid of the committee appointed, to render needed assistance, to make definite arrangements to repair to the places decided on by themselves in which to settle.

"Third: Those who regard it as unsafe to return to their homes at present, but who expect to do so under changed conditions, are advised to take up their temporary abode as near to the border line as they can, where suitable and profitable employment may be obtained.

"Fourth: In view of what has happened, and what may yet take place, we have not felt, neither do we now feel, that we could consistently assume the responsibility of advising our colonists to return to their homes, and must therefore leave the responsibility of deciding this question with themselves. But to all who may decide to return, we cheerfully say, go with our sanction and blessing and our prayers for your preservation and success.

"Your Brethren,

"JOSEPH F. SMITH,

"ANTHON H. LUND,

"CHARLES W. PENROSE,

"First Presidency."

"What is to Become of Such as Me?"

That there are many good people in the world who believe the principles of the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, and yet, through circumstances and environment, are not prepared to publicly accept the same, is evidenced by the following letter written by a reverend gentleman to a kinsman and member of the Church in Idaho, and which the ERA is permitted to use. The names of the parties immediately interested, for obvious reasons, are omitted. The letter follows:

"And this brings me to say, in a word, that it is refreshing to hear you express your hope of meeting beyond mortality those of your beloved friends who have gone before, for it is strange if we are endowed with such powers of mind and affections of spirit and faith in God, merely to live in this world for a few years, and then just as we are getting used to it, and begin to be of any use, to be blotted out and be no more. Whoever can believe this outrageous nonsense? I know this is simply a common-sense way of looking at it, but 'we

have a more sure way of prophecy,' and you 'Mormons' an additionally sure word, regarding this and other things; at least, I think so. Fortunately or unfortunately for me, I say, I believe you people are right in following the word given with such wonderful power and certainty, as witnessed by the disinterested men who saw with their own eyes and heard with their own ears, at the beginning. Who can believe these, with Joseph and Hyrum Smith, were all liars and worse? I cannot. But here, dear cousin, is a question for you and your elders: What is to become of such as me, who believe this about you, and yet are tied and bound by circumstances such as mine? Here I have been a minister for fifty-five years, and an ordained priest in the English church, the church of our forefathers, thirty-eight years. I have exercised this ministry all those years, unbroken—I cannot change now if I would. I am an old man seventy-eight years next birthday (March 10, 1835, I was born). Yes, let there be no mistake about my belief. I preach three sermons every week and execute other ministerial duties, but I never preach anything contrary to the doctrines of 'Mormonism,' not designedly but necessarily, because I see the fundamentals of Holy Scripture are the same as those restored by what people call 'Mormonism.' I am not referring to the peculiar, what I would call, accidents of the latter-day work, such as the marriage law that people have made themselves such fools and liars about, but I mean the doctrines and covenants and organization of the Church which seem to me to be perfect. This is a lot for me to say who have nothing to do with the matter, and I did not intend to say so much when I began, but my visit to you and my uncle quite satisfied me that you were not the sort of bad people you were described to be in certain quarters."

In answer to the question, "What is to become of such as me?" let it be said that every person will receive his just reward for the good he may do and for his every act. But let it be remembered that all blessings which we shall receive, either here or hereafter, must come to us as a result of our obedience to the laws of God upon which these blessings are predicated. Our friend will not be forgotten for the kindness he has extended to the work and the servants of the Lord, but will be remembered of Him and rewarded for his faith and for every good deed and word. But there are many blessings that result from obeying the ordinances of the gospel, and acknowledging the priesthood authorized of the Father and restored to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that cannot be obtained, until the person is willing to comply with the ordinances and keep the commandments revealed in our day for the salvation of mankind. The true searcher will see and understand this truth and act upon it,

either in this world or the world to come, and not until then, of course, may he claim all the blessings. The earlier he accepts, the earlier will he obtain the blessings, and if he neglects to accept the laws, in this world, knowing them to be true, it is reasonable to suppose that disadvantages will result that will cause him deep regret.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

"The House of the Lord"

This new book, dealing with the subject of temples and temple work, has recently issued from the *Deseret News* printing establishment, and the ERA has received a copy. The matter consists of 336 pages, including forty-six full-page, photo plates. Of this number thirty-one are first-class interior views of the Salt Lake temple, each picture protected by copyright, showing every room in the great structure. The text and descriptions, printed on high-class cameo of dull finish, are by the well-known author, Dr. James E. Talmage, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the opening chapter is given a general view of sanctuaries of ancient and modern times; followed by a chapter enlarging on sanctuaries of early dispensations. "The Need of Temples in the Present Dispensation" is treated in chapter three which is reproduced in full by courtesy of the publishers as the leading article in this number of the ERA, and which answers the important question, "Why do the Latter-day Saints build and maintain temples?" The remaining eight chapters deal with "Modern Temple Ordinances," a detailed consideration of modern temple service, under the headings (1) baptisms, specifically baptisms for the dead; (2) ordinations and associated endowments in the priesthood; (3) marriage ceremonies; (4) other sealing ordinances; "Modern-day Temples," including data concerning those at Kirtland and Nauvoo; and a historic treatise of the "Great Temple at Salt Lake City," with a description of its exterior, its emblematical stones, and its architectural style,—a style which the architect, Joseph D. C. Young, told the author might be called the "Romanesque modified by the Castellated." In chapter eight, the interior, including

the annex, the corridors and various rooms of the temple, is described. Under the title, "The Temple Block," dear old memories are awakened by the mention of the Old Bowery, and we have here also descriptions of the Old and the New Tabernacles, the Assembly Hall, and the general service plant. In chapter ten, "Other Utah Temples," including those at St. George, Logan and Manti, receive merited attention. The concluding chapter treats of the operation of ancient temples under the Aaronic Priesthood, and points out that the temples of today are operated by the Higher or Melchizedek priesthood. The plate section contains ninety-eight pages of portraits with careful descriptive and historical sketches of all the temples, and particularly the interior of the Salt Lake Temple. In the text of the book are many precious doctrines and historical facts for the investigator as well as for the member of the Church. Among the important quotations is the prayer offered at the dedication of the great temple at Salt Lake City. As the only official and authentic work on this subject, published especially to give a correct impression and description of the interior of the temple, the book will be accepted by members of the Church and the public generally as a welcome contribution on a topic which has awakened widespread interest.

The Acceptable Fast

"Please inform me through the ERA if it is required that members of the Church should refrain from partaking of water as well as food, at the times set apart for fasting."

It has been and is generally understood and accepted, by the leading authorities of the Church, that water should not be partaken of during a fast. The late President George Q. Cannon, on several occasions, gave explicit instructions to that effect. However, the obtaining of the Spirit of God is the great object of fasting. The spirit of an acceptable fast is well expressed in Isaiah 58: to loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burdens; to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke; to deal bread to the hungry; to cover the naked; to bring the poor that are cast out, to your home, and to satisfy the afflicted. Re-

fraining from food and drink, fasting, is but a means to awaken a spirit in the Saints that shall cause them to keep holy the Sabbath, to worship God, and shall lead them to kindly acts of service and self-sacrifice for their fellows. So shall their joy be full, and their fasting perfect, their light shall rise in obscurity and break forth as the morning, their health spring forth speedily, and when they call, the Lord shall answer, "Here I am."

Notice to Bishops

The attention of all interested is called to the following letter which was recently sent to the bishops of the Church by Elder Heber J. Grant, Manager of the ERA. We should be delighted to have the work referred to done in every ward of the Church by the 1st of December. The brethren who are called to perform the labor will find it a much lighter task now than later, and if promptly done will bring better results. A little word of encouragement will give an impetus to the canvass, and will greatly encourage the workers. We trust that all interested in the ERA, and especially the authorities of the wards, will not be slow to speak the word and thus speed the cause. The letter is as follows:

*"Dear Brother:—*The best time for soliciting subscribers for the IMPROVEMENT ERA is the present. The new volume begins with the November number. While the canvass for subscribers should be made by the agent appointed by the Young Men's Associations, I ask you to interest yourself and inquire of the officers if suitable and energetic young men either have been or will be appointed immediately to do this work. Every family should be solicited before the close of November, and be given an opportunity to subscribe for our magazine. The ERA is the organ of the Priesthood Quorums as well as the Mutual Improvement Associations, and we therefore expect the ward authorities and the officers and members of the quorums to be first to subscribe, and to give their full support to the magazine. Every missionary in the field is furnished with a copy free.

"Thanking you for immediate attention to this subject, and hoping that we may have the required number, five per cent of the Church population of your ward, as subscribers, I remain,

"Sincerely your brother,

"HEBER J. GRANT, Manager."

Messages from the Missions

Elder J. Ernest Gillespie, presiding elder of the Berlin conference, Germany, writes, July 22: "I have been deeply interested in the great Sunday School work in Berlin. Our school is one of the very best in all Germany. We have four classes in which each member, every man, woman and child, takes an active part. I appreciate the loyal devotion of Sunday School workers here. We are meeting with great success, though the police are continually trying to stop the work of the Lord. Our meetings are always full and growing larger every week. The people desire to hear the word of God and particularly is this the case with the bright, sunshiny faces of our Book of Mormon class."



Book of Mormon Class, Berlin Sunday School. In the center of the group is Elder Gillespie, of Salt Lake City, his class members, all natives, surrounding him.

Elders Byron R. Jordan and George Hay, writing from Sheffield, England, August 18: "We have found that the pictures and false stories circulated from time to time give the more fair-minded people an opportunity to attend our meetings and to investigate for themselves. The elders are united, and enjoying the best of health and the blessings of the Lord, while the work is progressing in this part



of the mission. Names from left to right, standing: President A. L. Riggs, Logan, Utah; George Hay, Menan, Idaho; Walerton Brinton Holliday; Roy H. Peck, Garland; sitting: Joseph A. Vance, Smithfield; James D. Todd, Salt Lake City; Edwin Slawson, Hyrum, Utah; Byron R. Jordan, Mt. View, Canada.

Elder Joseph L. Peterson of Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes, September 20: "We have used the summer months tracting the residences, as we are not able to do much of this work in the open air during the winter months. We will tract the business houses and places where we can be principally indoors during the winter. In the three months of summer, we four elders have distributed 12,388 tracts, 599



small doctrinal books and 126 Books of Mormon. We have a flourishing branch steadily increasing in numbers. We have a Sunday School and a Relief Society, and the Saints have all helped to preach

the gospel. To do efficient missionary work here, one would need to master a number of languages, as the population of the city includes English, French, German, Scandinavian, Grecian and Dutch, with fewer representatives from nearly every other nation on earth. Winnipeg is growing rapidly and has a population at present of 200,000. Elders, top row, left to right: Joseph L. Peterson, conference president, Pinedale, Ariz.; George M. Nix, Oakley, Utah; bottom row: William J. Dearden, Echo, Utah; German E. Ellsworth, mission president; Anton Bargaehr, Salt Lake City.

"The missionary work is progressing in Southern California. The elders of the Los Angeles conference are laboring with zeal to present



the gospel to the people of this land. Aided by the exemplary lives of the Saints here, we feel that we are doing much to allay prejudice and prepare the honest in heart for the acceptance of the truth. We are laboring among a people of many religious beliefs. In fact, every creed in Christianity is represented, in addition to several religions of the Orient. Los Angeles, headquarters of the California mission, is the home of Theosophy, Christian Science, Home of Truth, and other theoretical expositions of the gospel of Christ. We teach faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance and baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. This is what Peter taught; it was the burden of John's message, and what the Savior himself taught, so we know these ordinances are essential to salvation."—J. Harvey Langford, Secy.

The elders are: back row, Frank Russell, Nephi, Utah; Frank E. Woodward, Franklin, Idaho; A. B. Christianson, Richfield; Edward L.

Simpson, Kamas; David Smith, Fillmore, Utah; P. P. Skriver, Aetna; J. F. Heartley, Mountain View, Canada; Le Roy Pickett, Clawson, Idaho; second row, Delbert Holladay, Eden, Ariz.; T. D. Mendenhall, Springville, Utah; W. L. Killpack, conference president, Driggs, Idaho; Jos. E. Robinson, mission president; J. Harvey Langford, mission secretary, San Jose, Mexico; F. W. Newman, conference clerk, Salt Lake City; A. A. Merrill, Richmond, Utah. Front row, Walter A. Knudsen, Provo, Utah; John A. Hatch, Juarez, Mexico; Wm. L. Roskelley, Smithfield; C. V. Cummings, Salt Lake City; D. Henry Manning, Garland; D. W. Chugg, Providence, Utah.

Elder Grant D. Staples, writing from Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia, August 7, says: "Toowoomba is situated one hundred one miles west of Brisbane, where is located the headquarters of this conference. Toowoomba has a population of twenty thousand, of whom twenty-five are Latter-day Saints who are faithful and diligent in the serving of the Lord. Great interest is taken by them in the Book of Mormon, and we feel that our class is one of the best in this



Western land. The Saints pay their tithing, and observe, with few exceptions, the Word of Wisdom. In spite of opposition, we have some very good friends who attend our class regularly and take part. The photo represents the most of our regular attendants. The elders are: center, David Nash, Franklin, Idaho; Grant D. Staples, presiding elder, Kanosh, Utah."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Ward Teaching.—The following report, suggestions and recommendations were read at the semi-annual general priesthood meeting, Oct. 4, and ordered published:

We consider this an opportune occasion to call the attention of the priesthood to the importance of the work of ward teaching; the necessity of organizing and maintaining, in every ward, a system adapted to our present-day needs, and to place before the priesthood information obtained by the General Committee on Priesthood Outlines, and the Presiding Bishop's Office concerning the progress made in some stakes of Zion with this important and beneficent movement in the Church.

The records of the Presiding Bishop's office show that the families in the stakes of Zion are divided into 5,303 ward teachers' districts. There are over 12,000 persons laboring as ward teachers. Of this number 4,546 attended the teachers' monthly report meetings for April, 4,080 for May, and 3,875 for June. There are 715 organized wards in the stakes of Zion, hence there should have been held 2,145 ward teachers' monthly report meetings during the three months ending June 30; but there were only 1,245 of such meetings held, or about 55 per cent. Of the families living in the organized stakes of Zion, the average number visited monthly, as stated on the records for the three months ending June 30, is only about 25 per cent per month. We are gratified to report that there has been developed in some of the stakes and wards a system of supervising and directing the work of ward teachers that is bringing about a gratifying improvement in all that pertains to the spiritual and temporal welfare of stakes and wards.

The work of teaching the principles of the gospel within the boundaries of Zion devolves upon all who bear the Priesthood. It certainly pertains more specifically to the priests than to the teachers, for the Lord states (Doctrine and Covenants 20): "The priest's duty is to preach, teach, expound, exhort, and baptize, and administer the sacrament, and visit the house of each member, and exhort them to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties. * * * In all these duties the priest is to assist the elder if occasion requires." It is also "the duty of the elder to watch over the Church." The responsibility of the calling of the Seventies and High Priests, while they are peculiarly missionaries and presiding officers, should make them, when not engaged abroad or in presiding positions, active in this work at home.

The priests, elders, seventies and high priests of the Church, when called to labor in bearing the gospel directly to the homes of the people, should not consider that they are called away from their own responsibilities to take up the work of a lesser office in the Aaronic Priesthood. Ward teaching is a calling, just as missionary

work abroad is a calling, and no quorum is solely responsible for the performance of this duty.

Another phase of ward teaching, illustrating its difference from the temporal duties of the ordained teacher, is the custom adopted in some wards of having the teachers visit also regularly the homes of non-members who are willing to receive them, as well as those of members. There are few wards that do not have families who have never joined the Church, or who have forfeited their fellowship by indifference or other causes. Those who most need the shepherd are directly among us. We are commanded to warn our neighbors. How can we do it more effectively than by regular visits of men who go in the spirit and authority of their calling prepared to teach the gospel? In some stakes, missionaries have been appointed to this special labor. This is commendable, but we know of no such work that has been of a regular and permanent character. Even where it is carried on, the visits of the ward teachers to non-members would be very helpful.

Proper supervision should insure the work being done at regular times during the month, instead of being left till the last few days, and then only partially done. In some wards, experienced and energetic brethren have been chosen to supervise several districts. In other cases, the ward has been divided into three divisions, the bishop and his counselors each holding himself responsible for one of these. Some of the bishops require weekly, written reports from each pair of teachers, in order that they may be able to put new help into the district, if found necessary. This insures each family an actual visit, and not merely a hurried call. But in the stakes where the best work is being done, the bishops are not left with the whole responsibility.

The presidencies of stakes should take an active interest in this work, not only for the purpose of overseeing and encouraging bishops in this important labor, but for establishing uniformity in the work of the ward teachers, which shall be adapted to the local conditions of each stake.

In some stakes a high council committee, consisting in some instances of one high counselor to each ward, keeps in immediate touch with the work. In at least one stake of Zion, the president, by hearing a brief report from this committee, knows exactly the amount of teaching done in his stake not only at the end of each month, but at the end of each seven days. In this stake, members of the presidency found it necessary to go to one of the wards and help do the teaching before the bishop became sufficiently aroused to his own responsibility.

As the quantity of the work increases it seems certain to us that the standard of quality will be improved. To secure this, teachers should not be asked to visit too great a number of families. Eight seems to be about the limit, if one hour's time is spent with each

family. This would require one night a week, two visits being made each night. By reducing the size of the districts, the labor is distributed among a larger number of the priesthood of the ward, and the teachers are thus able to spend more time with each family.

In order to improve the quality of work, it has been tried in a number of wards, and found desirable, to assign a subject for each month. Preparation is made on this by the teachers, and when they go to the homes of the people, they do so with the instruction to take up with the family the subject for the month, unless they are directed by the Spirit to consider some other matter. Frivolities, gossip and light conversation will thus be replaced by instruction, and by discussion of the gospel.

The bishop should receive written reports from each district weekly, or, if a monthly report is made, it should be handed to him early enough to allow him time to consider it carefully prior to the monthly teachers' meeting. Such report should contain the number of families in the ward; the number who have been visited during the month, and the general condition found; also a report of the births, deaths, marriages, departure from and arrival of members in the district, and such similar information.

If such a plan is adopted, he can utilize most of the time of the teachers' meeting in a discussion of the topic for the coming month, and the preparation of the teachers for their labors.

Some of the stakes have printed each month and distributed to the wards a little outline that helps in the preparation of the topic to be considered. This is handed to the family at each monthly visit with the explanation that next month, unless something more important arises, the teachers will discuss the matter contained therein. In the homes where spiritual and intellectual fires are burning brightly, this method provides the certainty of interesting, successful visits.

The quality of teaching can be improved also by choosing more experienced men for the work. We see no reason why the most capable men in the ward cannot be secured to teach, nor why such men should not be glad to do their part in this labor. The superintendency and teachers of Sunday schools, the presidencies of quorums, and instructors of priesthood classes, and members of stake boards, for example, should be ready to work in this calling. That does not prevent younger men, who hold the Aaronic Priesthood, from being employed also. In fact every priest should be asked to work in this calling, but it provides that the people shall receive benefit from the visit and that inexperienced young men will be properly trained.

That there is a profound necessity for intelligent teaching, by men endowed with the Holy Spirit, is apparent to all. To the homes of many of the Saints must be carried a large part of the spiritual food that they receive for the record of attendance at sacrament meetings in a number of wards is regrettably low. In many homes

the teachers find it desirable not alone to converse with the people, but to hold cottage meetings to which the neighbors may be invited. In this way, the gospel is carried to the people who would not otherwise receive it. There are many fathers and mothers who themselves are well grounded in the faith, but who for some reason cannot influence their children as they desire. The visit of the ward teachers offers a fine opportunity for them to gather their children in, and have them listen to the doctrines of the gospel presented differently, and often more effectively, than they themselves have presented them.

Where teaching is intelligently and persistently followed, month by month, there is a marked improvement in the attendance at sacrament meetings, and a better feeling of sympathy and fellowship in the ward; the attendance at the meetings of the auxiliary organizations is increased, and the payment of tithes and offerings is made more faithfully than before.

In visiting the home of non-members, it will frequently be found that one of the parents has been born in the Church, and in some cases that both are of Latter-day Saints families. When this condition exists, we are only reclaiming our own. Where they are strangers to the truth, there is as good an opportunity to convert them as exists with most of the people in the world who accept the visits of the elders. Indeed, in many cases much more substantial results can be obtained at home, by converting the indifferent Latter-day Saints to a full and sincere appreciation of the gospel, and in bringing the gospel to strangers, than in many of the missions of the Church.

In any event, prejudice is allayed, a new current of thought is created, and frequently non-members are induced to permit their children to accept the advantages of our organizations, and receive instruction in the gospel. In some families that are not in the Church, also, there will be found servants who are in great need of the teachers' watchcare and instruction. This applies particularly to the cities into which girls from the country come to seek employment in domestic service. Perhaps not a few tragedies in the life of these girls would have been avoided had the teachers become acquainted with them and exercised over them a friendly and spiritual influence.

By labor, the presiding authorities of wards and stakes must implant one element in the teachers that is essential to real success. This is a love for the work. It cannot be looked upon as drudgery, and draw from a man his best efforts. It is an important part of the redemption of mankind; in some respects, even more important than missionary work abroad. It should command the best ability among the priesthood.

It is not with the thought that ward teaching has failed in accomplishing the purpose of its institution in the Church, but for the purpose of stimulating greater activity in a field that offers rich returns for persistent and intelligent labor by the Priesthood, that these suggestions are offered. As each year goes by the character of the ward

teachers' work is being improved. In some stakes, it has reached a high state indeed. When it is properly performed, we believe there will be a great spiritual awakening in Zion.

In conclusion, let us summarize our suggestions and recommendations:

- 1—That ward teaching is a calling in the priesthood.
- 2—That ward teaching requires the most experienced men in the ward. High priests, seventies and elders should look upon it as one of the most important duties of their calling.
- 3—That the presidency of each stake of Zion should take up an active campaign in their respective stakes for the improvement of this work.
- 4—That the presidency and high council decide upon and adopt a system in harmony with the ideas outlined in this address, suitable to their local conditions.
- 5—That where local conditions will permit, a high councilor should be assigned to aid and advise the bishopric of each ward.
- 6—That the bishopric of each ward organize the ward into districts of about eight families, more or less, as local conditions may render it necessary.
- 7—That the bishopric call to their aid the best men in the ward to labor as ward teachers, and that every young man holding the office of priest be appointed to labor in this calling, associated with an older and experienced person.
- 8—That a teacher's monthly report meeting be held during the last week of every month, or the first week of the following month.
- 9—That every family in the ward or district be visited once a month.
- 10—That the teachers of each district make a written report of their labors and deliver to the bishop; this report to contain the number of families in the district, the number visited, a statement of births, marriages, deaths, arrivals in and removals from the ward; and other information that may be required by the bishop.
- 11—That the bishopric instruct the teachers on the subjects to discuss at their next visit, unless the teacher is otherwise directed by the Holy Spirit.
- 12—The essential element in the success of ward teaching is love for the work to be developed in the hearts of the teachers themselves through the example of, and the energy displayed by, the presidency of the stake, high council and bishoprics of wards.

DAVID O. MCKAY,

For the General Committee on Priesthood Outlines.

The Fifth Year Book.—The Fifth Year Book, for the use of the Seventies, has recently been issued from the press of the *Deseret News*. Its author, President B. H. Roberts, is known far and wide for his former publications which the Seventies have used so successfully in their work during the past five years. The title of the book, "The Divine Immanence and the Holy Ghost," suggests a theme which is intensely interesting to every man holding the Priesthood. The lessons on this subject are clear and yet free from technicality. They are well correlated, and the student and reader will find much that is stimulating and thought-provoking. It forms a valuable contribution to the literature of the Church, for it deals with a subject that has

always been more or less puzzling to the student of Christianity. There are splendid quotations, not only from well-known modern philosophers, but from some of the most scholarly writers of the Church. These quotations are well chosen, and do much to reinforce the thought that the author wishes to bring out. Not only the Seventies, but all holding the Priesthood will find the book intensely interesting as well as thoroughly instructive, and, added to the other year-books that have been used during the past four years, will make a library on Church doctrine that will be very valuable.

Church School Department

Divinity in the Latter-day Work.—The following incident is related for the ERA by Prof. Alice Reynolds, of the faculty of the Brigham Young University, Provo. It shows that the hand of divinity is in the mission of the Latter-day Saints, as testified to by one prominent visitor. Miss Reynolds writes:

Ten years or so ago, I spent part of my summer acting as guide on the Temple block, under the direction of the Bureau of Information. One afternoon, about four o'clock, just as I was concluding what I had to say to my party about the temple, three gentlemen approached me from the east gate. The one on lead extended his hand in the most cordial manner, saying as he did so:

"Not curious 'Gentiles,' madam, but friends." Continuing, he said, "I am Judge Terrell, of Austin, Texas. I was United States minister to Turkey, during President Cleveland's second administration. The gentleman on my right is one of the judges of the supreme court of Texas, and the gentleman on my left is a well-known attorney of our state. Now," said he, "go on with your story."

I told the story of the erection of the temple, gave items concerning the dimensions and cost. As I concluded, he asked:

"May I be allowed to say something to this group of people?" I urged him to feel quite at liberty to say anything he cared to, and this is what he did say:

"I was a boy of nineteen when her people left Nauvoo. I shall never forget that sight. Such a poor, bedraggled, poverty-stricken company of people I have never seen, before or since. They had all sorts of miserable looking animals that were supposed to carry them through their long journey. They had horses and cows hitched together to one wagon, and cows and oxen were hitched together. Some actually wheeled their goods across the river in barrows, and I wondered whether they were going to start into the western wilderness in that fashion.

"Many sickened and died during that long march. They shed their blood almost every step of the way. The wonder is they did not all die. I state to you, ladies and gentlemen, the facts in the matter, when I tell you the people who stood watching them as they crossed the river and pushed on their weary way, believed every one of them would die.

"I do not wonder that the lady feels that a divine hand has been over her people, and that she regards what is now to be seen on this

block as in a sense miraculous. Knowing what I do, it is very difficult to escape such a conclusion."

Founder's Day at the B. Y. U.—On October 16, Founder's day was celebrated at this institution by a parade of students and two floats, "The American Flag" and "Our Alma Mater," through Provo, headed by the college band; a program of songs, music and speeches by President George H. Brimhall, Prof. Alice Reynolds, Joseph R. Murdock, S. L. Chipman, Thos. N. Taylor and Jesse Knight; and an original poem, entitled "Our Guide," by Prof. Alfred Osmond:

The prophet resolved that a temple of learning
Should stand at the base of this great mountain chain,
He knew that the souls of our sons would be yearning
For all the great truths that creations contain;
And so he asked God for the gift of the Spirit
That leads men away from the darkness of night.
This gift which our school has the right to inherit
Will bind it for ever to forces of light.

The voice of the Spirit is ever heard calling
The youth of our school to the standards of right;
It bids them to seek out the weak who are falling,
And lead them away from diseases that blight;
It calls them to delve for the treasures of knowledge
In caverns of gloom where no light ever came—
This spirit of truth is the star of our college
That shines o'er the spires of its temple of fame.

The light of this star has been constantly beaming
When poverty lurked in the halls of our home.
A few loyal souls caught the light that was streaming,
And knew the school's days of redemption would come.
Great changes are here, but the star is still shining,
As bright as the sun that illumines the world;
And virtue with knowledge her folds are entwining
Wherever the white and the blue is unfurled.

This spirit of truth is the star of the morning
That breaks through the storm-clouds of trouble and pain,
And shows to the world that its cold beams of warning
Are bright with the promise that learning will reign.
Our college is climbing the mountain of learning,
While forces of error its efforts deride;
It faces the storm with no shadow of turning;
For work is the watch-word and truth is its guide.

A Temple in Canada. The erection of a new Temple to accommodate the Saints who live distant from the Temples in Utah, has been under contemplation by the Church authorities for some time, and at the late semi-annual conference, at the general priesthood meeting, a proposition was placed before the priesthood, by President Joseph F. Smith, to build a Temple in Canada. The suggestion met with unanimous support, and a building to meet the needs of the people will be begun and erected in some city in Alberta, Canada, as soon as arrangements can be perfected.

Passing Events

Elder Royal P. Oldham, of Cache County, laboring near Charleston, West Va., was drowned near that city on Wednesday, October 2. The body was shipped to his mountain home. Elder Oldham was a faithful worker in the cause, and his death is mourned by many friends. Elder Len R. Bailey accompanied the body to Utah.

The Denver & Rio Grande Railway, on the 7th of October, awarded to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, a contract for six Pacific-type passenger locomotives, at a cost of \$25,000 each, to be delivered early in January next. This equipment is in keeping with the general improvement that the Rio Grande Railway is making on its entire line.

A Uintah land sale opened at Provo, October 8, conducted by James W. Whitten, superintendent, and Don B. Colton, United States Land Registrar, at Vernal. Fifteen thousand acres were sold the first day, and thousands of acres as the sale proceeded, the average per acre bringing from one dollar to a dollar and a half. On October 9, \$20,000 were added to the treasury from the sale which continued until Friday, the 11th.

Weldon Brinton Heyburn, U. S. Senator from Idaho for nine years, died in Washington, D. C., Oct. 17, after a lingering illness beginning last March, of a complication of diseases. He was born in Pennsylvania, May 23, 1852; was admitted to the bar in 1876, removed to Idaho in 1882, and was elected to the Senate in 1903 for the term beginning March 4, and unanimously re-elected by the Legislature January, 1909. His death leaves two senators to be elected by the coming session of the Idaho legislature.

The University of Utah museum has received from Prof. Byron Cummings, archaeological specimens collected during his summer's excavations in cliff dwellings, in the canyons of southern Utah and northern Arizona. Among these curios is an extraordinarily large earthen jar decorated with geometrical and other figures, found in one of the largest cliff houses yet discovered by the university investigators. The jar was almost filled with corn and beans which are supposed to have remained in it for more than a thousand years. In other jars were found thousands of shell coins used by the ancient cliff dwellers: These jars are supposed to be the handiwork of Hopi, Zuni, or Pueblo Indians.

At the State Fair which opened Sept. 30, and continued for a week, one of the important displays was the potatoes raised by the boys who entered the Utah Agricultural College potato-raising contest, and also the National Copper Bank contest. Over one thousand boys entered the first named contest and the display of potatoes at the fair, samples raised by them, was really wonderful. Leonard Purcer, 16 years old, of King, Cache county, received the first prize; Horace J. Cannell, Smithfield, second prize; Merle J. Hyer, Lewiston, third; and Ralph J. Hyer, fourth prize. In the Agricultural College contest, Merle J. Hyer also received the trophy offered by the National Copper Bank in the contest conducted by that institution in which eighty-four contestants entered, their ages ranging from nine to eighteen years.

A movement to build a national rock highway from ocean to ocean was announced at a banquet at Indianapolis on September 10, and \$300,000 was at that time pledged to the enterprise by Indianapolis concerns. On the 25th of September another \$300,000 was added to the fund by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio. The total fund now amounts to over a million dollars. It is intended that this great highway shall be completed for general use by the time the Panama Exposition is held in California, in 1915. It will require \$5,000 worth of material for each mile, or about fifteen million dollars. The co-operation of all who are interested is invited by the Ocean to Ocean Highway Association, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and strenuous efforts are being put forth to build the highway in time for the great fair

Theodore Roosevelt, presidential candidate for the Progressive party, was shot and wounded in the breast, at Milwaukee, by John Schrank, former New York saloon keeper and laundryman, on the evening of October 14, while he was leaving his hotel in an automobile for the Coliseum to make a political speech. Colonel Roosevelt insisted upon addressing the audience for more than an hour, with his wound unattended. The bullet penetrated the manuscript of his speech and entered the fleshy part of his breast, and, as later ascertained, fractured one of his ribs, but did not touch any vital part. Colonel Roosevelt was taken to Chicago that evening on a special train, and is being treated at a hospital there, every encouraging sign being evident that he will speedily recover. The assassin who made the dastardly attack on Colonel Roosevelt's life was promptly arrested and sent to jail.

War was declared by Turkey, October 17, against Servia and Bulgaria on which states Turkey places the blame for this step. Since October 8, Turkey had been fighting with Montenegro, and this later declaration makes war general throughout the Balkan pen-

insula. The Balkan states are a unit against Turkey, and are clamoring for reforms promised but not obtained for the Christians. Greece has also been involved and, on the morning of the 18th, declared war against Turkey. Many Greeks are returning from all over the world to join the army in their native land, so many returning recently from the United States that ships could not be obtained in the New York harbor to accommodate them. The European powers seem to have been impotent to intervene to avoid the conflict, though they have made strenuous efforts in that direction. The situation has an ugly look for European peace.

The Mexican situation seemed rapidly to approach a crisis when, on October 16, General Felix Diaz, nephew of the exiled president, seized the most important Mexican seaport, Vera Cruz. General Diaz was proclaimed provisional president of Mexico, and on the days immediately following, new uprisings were announced in several districts. The Diaz supporters selected a provisional cabinet, and the conditions were further aggravated for Madero's government when the loyalty of the army was generally questioned. In the "Mormon" colonies the situation continues to grow worse. The federals are inactive, and the rebels are overrunning the country with small marauding bands. A telegram from Bishop Brown, dated October 14, stated that Arthur McCormic, a "Mormon" colonist, and J. T. Cameron, an El Paso cattleman, captured at Nogales and San Pedro, are held by rebel bands for \$5,000 and \$30,000 ransom respectively. The latter was released on the 17th by a payment of \$1,250.

The National Irrigation Congress (twentieth annual session) opened in Salt Lake City, September 30, and closed Oct. 3 by a reception and ball at Hotel Utah. The opening exercises included the presentation of the Queen of Irrigation, Lucile I (Lucile M. Francke), to the delegates and the great congregation, and the singing of the Ode to Irrigation by the Tabernacle choir, to the largest attendance of delegates and visitors in the history of the Congress. The wonderful electric pageant, on the evening of the 30th, was fifteen blocks in length, and required two hours in passing a given point. The decorations of the city were lavish and beautiful, and the attendance of people unprecedented. Progress in industry, and a combination of beauty and novelty in the floats from different counties of Utah, characterized the parade to a wonderful degree. The sessions of the Congress, held in the Assembly Hall, were well attended, and valuable papers on very important questions were read by men technically familiar with their subjects. Major Richard W. Young, of Salt Lake City, was chosen president of the Congress, and Phoenix, Arizona, decided upon as the next place of meeting.

The steam railways of the United States, having annual operating

revenues of a million dollars each or over, have a bureau of railway economics for the scientific study of transportation problems, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. From a monthly summary of the revenues and expenses of these roads which operate 220,629 miles of line, or ninety per cent of all the steam railway mileage in the United States, it is reported that during the month of July the total operating revenues amounted to \$246,160,470. This includes revenue from freight and passenger traffic, from carrying mail and express, and from miscellaneous sources. These figures show an increase over 1911 of \$23,190,427. The report is an indication that there is an increase in railway revenues all along the line. It is reported also, recently, that there were fewer freight cars idle in October than for many seasons previous, the railroads all being very busy moving the unprecedented crops which have this year been produced in the United States. The report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the production of nearly every cereal has been surpassed, in some instances by millions of bushels, over any former year, and the crops of corn and potatoes, from intimations in early October, will be the greatest ever harvested. Secretary Wilson said, speaking of the great showing made by the country's farmers: "The season has been favorable, but some credit is due to the efforts made in late years by the federal government and the states to help the farmers throughout the country to get better returns from the average acre."

Report of New Wards and Changes in Bishops, Etc., for the month of September, 1912, as given by the Presiding Bishop's office:

New Mission—French mission, with Edgar Bossard president. (Address not yet given.)

New Wards and Branch—Mesa ward, Maricopa stake, disorganized. Mesa First ward, Maricopa stake, with Isaac Dona, bishop, and Karl McDonald, ward clerk; addresses Mesa, Arizona. Mesa Second ward, Maricopa stake, John L. Riggs, bishop, and David A. LeBarron, ward clerk; address Mesa, Arizona. Daniels ward, Malad stake, David L. Stone, bishop and Geo. B. Knight, ward clerk; addresses Daniels, Idaho. Elmo branch, with George H. Oviatt, presiding elder (Emery stake); address Elmo, Utah.

New Stake Clerks—Edward L. Chamberlain, Kanab stake, to succeed Jos. G. Spencer; address Kanab, Kane county, Utah. Chas. Golden Welch, Big Horn stake, to succeed Clarence L. Fancher; address Cowley, Wyoming. Frederick J. Price, Bear Lake stake, to succeed John U. Stucki; address Paris, Idaho. Ernest H. Burgess, Duchesne stake, to succeed Wm. H. Gagon; address Roosevelt, Utah.

New Bishops—John W. Staples, Cluff ward, Summit stake, to succeed John F. Wilde; address Coalville, Utah. David P. Burt, Brigham City Third ward, Box Elder stake, to succeed Lorenzo N. Stohl; address Brigham City, Utah. Edward R. Frei, Santa Clara

ward, St. George stake, to succeed John G. Hafen; address Santa Clara, Utah. Albert H. Belliston, Nephi First ward, Juab stake, to succeed William H. Pettigrew; address Nephi, Utah.

New Ward Clerks—Wells Brockbank, Spanish Fork Second ward, Nebo stake, to succeed Joseph Markham; address Spanish Fork, Utah. Perry D. Peters, Brigham City Third ward, Box Elder stake, to succeed Jesse W. Hoopes; address Brigham City, Utah.

Changes in Address—H. M. Valentine, Swiss and German mission, Rheinlander Str., 10-I, Basel, Switzerland. Eugene P. Clements, Canyon Creek, Fremont stake, to Clementsville, Idaho.

On Smoking. The ERA has received a reprint from the "Popular Science Monthly" of October, containing an article by Dr. Fred J. Pack, of the University of Utah, on "Smoking and Foot-ball Men," which sets forth the results of an investigation by him based upon information received from coaches and athletic directors of fourteen American colleges and universities, on the effect of smoking on college students. In this investigation the following points or conclusions are brought out: (1) Only half as many smokers as non-smokers are successful in the "try-outs" for football squads. (2) In the cases of able-bodied men smoking is associated with loss in lung capacity amounting practically to ten per cent. (3) Smoking is invariably associated with low scholarship. The article is a very interesting exposition of facts and figures compiled and presented and commented upon by Dr. Pack.

Heber J. Webb, of Lehi, Utah, is the winner of the three-months educational contest just closed by the Utah Agricultural College. The college offered ten prizes for the best ten answers to the question, "What is the greatest education?" The judges were Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, Hon. John Dern, of Salt Lake City, and Dr. George H. Brimhall of Provo. Answers came from all over the states of Utah, and Arizona, and from eleven other states of the Union, England, Canada, Germany and Switzerland, and hundreds of answers were placed on file, comprising a valuable series of expressions on education, all in favor of practical and usable knowledge. The winning ten authors follow: H. J. Webb, Lehi; Nephi Anderson, Salt Lake City, Utah; Lydia J. Savage; Georgia H. Forsyth, New Castle, Utah; Avery C. Woodruff, Farmington; Joseph E. Wilson, Salt Lake City; Lucy S. Sadler, England; Mary Bennion, Farmington; Mary Jones, Ogden; B. A. Fowler, Logan.

The Granite Stake Mutual Improvement Associations have issued an outline of special work for the season of 1912-13, giving the calendar for the season's work, and a general program for each evening for twenty-three weeks. The outline specially treats upon the second hour's time, in the meetings of the associations of that stake at which games, dancing, and other entertainment, are engaged in.

MUSIC AND DRAMA FOR M. I. A. ENTERTAINMENTS

After consulting some of the best dramatic critics of the state, the Committee on Music and Drama of the Y. M. M. I. A. have the following list of farces, dramas and musical entertainments to offer. These entertainments may be purchased at the book stores, and specifically at the Deseret News Book Store, and Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, Salt Lake City:

"My Wife's Bonnet," one act farce, by J. M. Morton. Modern costumes. Time 50 minutes, two interior scenes, three males and four female characters.

"Send Me Five Shillings," one act farce, by J. M. Morton. Modern costume. Time one hour. One interior scene. Five males and two female characters.

"Box and Cox," one act farce, by J. M. Morton. One bedroom scene. Time 45 minutes, modern costumes. Two male and one female characters.

"My Lord in Livery," one act farce, by S. T. Smith. Modern costumes. Time one hour. One interior scene. Four males, three females.

"Snow ball," comedy in three acts, by S. Grundy. Modern costumes. Time two hours. One interior scene. Three female and four male characters.

"Jane," three acts, by Harry Nicolls. Modern costume. Time two hours, One interior scene. Five males and four females.

"A Box of Monkeys," two acts. Modern costume. One interior scene. Girls' Experience in New York. Time one and one-fourth hours.

"Op-o'-me-Thumb," one act drama, by Fenn and Pryce. Modern costumes. Time two and three-fourths hours. Two interior scenes. Five male and three female characters.

"Caste," comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Modern costume. Time two and three-fourths hours. Two interior scenes. Five male and three female characters.

"Sweet Lavender," drama in three acts, by A. W. Pinero. Modern costume. Time two and three-fourths hours. One interior scene. Seven male and four female characters.

"The Man from Maine," drama in five acts, by Charles Townsend. Modern costume. Time two and one-fourth hours. Nine male and three female characters.

"Uncle's Will," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. Two male and one female characters.

"Golden Wedding," one act comedy, by Phillpotts and Groves. Modern costumes. Time forty-five minutes. One interior scene. Two males and one female.

"Kerry," one act French comedy, by D. Boucicault. Modern costumes. Time forty minutes. Interior scene. Four males and two females.

"Highland Legacy," one act drama, by B. Thomas. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. Five male and two female characters.

Mrs. Hilary Regrets," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costumes. Time thirty-five minutes. One interior scene. Two male and one female characters



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Music and Drama for M. I. A. Entertainments—Continued

"Sweethearts," comedy in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert. Modern costumes. Time fifty-five minutes. One exterior scene. Two female and two male characters.

"Our Boys," three act comedy, by H. J. Bryan. Modern costumes. Time two hours. Three interior scenes. Six male and four female characters.

"Scrap of Paper," comic drama in three acts, by J. P. Simpson. Modern costumes. Time two hours. Three interior scenes. Six male and six female characters.

"Confusion," comedy in three acts, by Derrick. Modern costumes. Time two hours. One interior scene throughout. Six male and four female characters.

"The Open Gate," one act, by C. H. Chambers. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. Half interior and half exterior scene. Two male and two female characters.

"A Clerical Error," one act comedy, by A. Jones. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. Three male and one female characters.

"A Happy Pair," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. One male and one female.

"Sympathetic Souls," one act comedy, by S. Grundy. Modern costume. Time thirty-five minutes. One interior scene. Two male and two female characters.

"Old Cronies," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costumes. Time twenty-five minutes. One interior scene and two male characters.

"School," four act comedy, by T. W. Robertson. Modern costumes. Time two and three-fourths hours. Two interior and two exterior scenes. Six male and nine female characters.

"Captain Walrus," one act, by A. H. Laidlaw, Jr., and Moders. Time fifty minutes. Modern costumes. One male and two females.

"My Uncle from India," comedy in four acts, by H. Sander. Nine male and four female characters. Two interior and one exterior scenes. Time two and one-half hours. Modern costumes.

"Alabama," three act drama, by A. Thomas. Eight males and four females. Time two hours. Old-time costumes.

"One of the Eight," three act comedy, by Swartout. Time two and one-half hours. Ten male and four female characters. Modern college costumes.

The following musical performances are suggested:

"Sylvia," operetta in two acts, by Rhys-Herbert, published by J. Fisher & Bro., 7-11 Bible House, New York.

"Pauline," operetta in two acts, by Charles H. Gabriel, published by Fillmore Bros., 528 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Nautical Knot," operetta in two acts, by Rhys-Herbert, published by J. Fisher & Bros., 7-11 Bible House, New York.

"Priscilla," comic opera in two acts, by Thomas W. Surette, published by Boston Music Co., Boston, Mass.

"Phyllis," operatic cantata in two parts, by George F. Root, published by John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Ruth," a sacred cantata, by Alfred R. Gaul, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

"The Holy City," a sacred cantata, by Alfred R. Gaul, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

"Saul," a dramatic cantata, by Charles H. Gabriel, published by Fillmore Bros. Co., 421 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Daughter of Jairus," a sacred cantata, by John Stainer, published by Schirmer, New York.

Ward Teaching is the great problem before bishops of wards today. Read the article in this number of the ERA on the subject.

Judge C. M. Nielsen, writing from Christiania, Norway, September 17, says: "We appreciate the ERA very much. It is a great encouragement to the missionaries."

"I suppose you know it already, but will tell you again that after "mother's letter" the ERA takes the place of honor on every missionary's friend list, and we are thankful for it."—William Haines Smart, Chemnitz, Germany.

All of the M. I. A. reading course books, as well as all the books and plays recommended in the Manual and ERA can be purchased at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store. Orders sent to them will have prompt and careful attention.

Articles crowded out of this issue and which are on the list to appear in December: "Some Developments of Modern Chemistry," Dr. Robert Stewart; and "Tony-Dog," by Charles Herman Norberg. The departments for December will contain good matter, while many new articles will give increased interest to the December number. Send for Vol. 16 today. Back numbers supplied for November. Price \$2. Manual free.

A public lecture is advertised to be given by Mr. Israel Abrahams, M. A., of Cambridge University, England, November 27, at 8:15 p. m., at the First Congregational Church, First South, corner Fourth East, Salt Lake City. The subject: "New Testament Problems from a Jewish Point of View," is one that will attract and interest all students of the Bible. Tickets may be obtained from Rabbi Charles J. Freund, No. 524 East Second South Street, Salt Lake City; price 25c.

Improvement Era, November, 1912

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